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1—Ambushed, 11x14
2—A Tight Dally & Loose Latigo, 13½x9½
3—A Loose Cinch, 11x8
4—A Wounded Grizzly, 8½x11
5—Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11x7½
6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10½
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½x8
9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11½
10—Better Than Bacon, 11x8½
11—On the Move, 13½x9½
12—Buffalo Hunt (arrows), 12½x8½
13—On the Trail, 11x7½
14—The Pony Raid, 16x11½
15—At Close Quarters 11x8½
16—Capturing the Grizzly, 15x8½
17—Cinch Ring 15x8½
18—Caught with the Goods, 14x9½
19—Cowboy Life, 10x14
20—Call of the Law, 13½x9½
21—Carson's Men, 14x9½
22—Return of the Warriors, 13½x9½
23—Piegan Indian, 9x12
24—Renegades Return, 16x11½
25—Chief Joseph, 8x11
26—Deadline on the Range, 14x9½
27—Disputed Trail, 11x14
28—Dangerous Cripple, 14x9½
29—Buffalo on the Move, 16x11½
30—Early American, 13½x9½
31—Elk in Lake McDonald, 11x8½
32—First Furrow, 8x12
33—First Wagon Tracks, 15x8½
34—Finding the Trail, 13½x9½
35—Heads or Tails, 15x8½
36—Heading the Right Way, 13½x9½
37—The Cattle Drive, 11½x16
38—Women of the Plains, 8x6
39—Invocation to the Sun, 11½x16
40—Indian Love Call, 13½x9½
41—Jerked Down, 15x8½
42—The Jerkline, 14x9½
43—Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½x7
44—Last of the Herd, 15x8½
45—Last Chance or Bust, 12½x9
46—Mad Cow, 12x8
47—Wagons Westward, 11½x16
48—The Challenge, 10½x6½
49—When Arrows Spell Death, 9x7
50—Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10x7
51—At the End of the Rope, 10½x7
52—Prospectors, 10½x8
53—Planning the Attack, 14x10
54—Pipe of Peace, 14x7
55—Who Killed the Bear?, 10½x7
56—Queen's War Hounds, 14x9½
57—Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11x8½
58—Roping a Grizzly, 11x8½
59—Red Man's Wireless, 14x7
60—Roping a Wolf, 11x8½
61—Smoking Them Out, 11x10
62—Scattering the Riders, 11½x8
63—Trail of the Iron Horse, 16x11½
64—Sun Worshippers, 16x10½
65—Serious Predicament, 15x8½
66—Single Handed, 14x9½
67—Slick Ear, 14x11½
68—Smoke of a .45, 12x9
69—Sage Brush Sport, 13½x8½
70—Signal Fire, 11x14
71—When Red Man Talks War, 13½x9½
72—In Enemy Country, 13½x9½
73—The Medicine Man, 11x8½
74—Trail's End, 13½x9½
75—The Holdup, 13x8
76—The Bolter, 9½x13½
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78—The Drifter, 16x11½
79—The Tenderfoot, 11x8
80—Two of a Kind Win, 13½x9½
81—Last of 5,000, 8x9½
82—When Tracks Spell Meat, 13½x9½
83—When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of a Man, 13½x9½
84—When Ignorance is Bliss, 11x14
85—Wild Horse Hunters (cowboys), 14x9
86—Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12½x8
87—Whose Meat?, 13½x9½
88—Wagon Boss, 16x9½
89—When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½x9½
90—A Crow Chief, 7x9
91—When the Trail Was Long Between Camps, 10½x6½
92—Where Ignorance is Bliss, 10½x6 (Cartoon)
93—When Sioux & Blackfeet Meet, 15x8½
94—Warning Shadows, 10½x7
95—When Horse Flesh Comes High, 15x8½
96—Wound Up, 11x8½
97—The Scouts (Indians) 9½x7
98—Winter Packet, 15x7
99—Mourning Her Warrior Dead, 11x8½
100—When Horses Turn Back There's Danger Ahead, 14x9½
101—The Buffalo Hunt (1898), 13½x9½
102—Cowboy Sport, 13½x9½
103—A Desperate Stand, 13½x9½
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July-August, 197(

Volume 21, No. (

Whole No. 12(

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Cover: Ed Cooper

Oneonta Gorge near the Columbia River in Oregon

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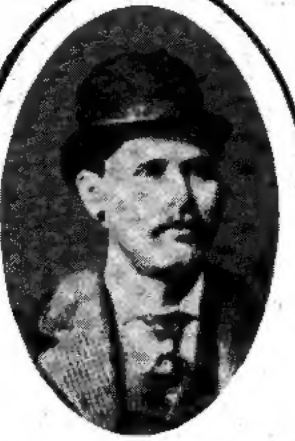

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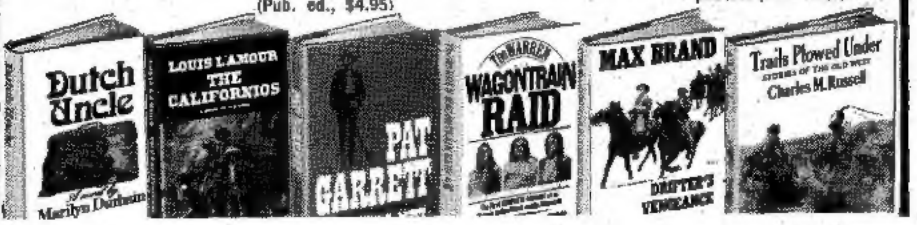

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"10,000 SHALL DIE!"

THAT is what people *who should know* are saying about magazines and newspapers. With postage increases, paper shortages, and production costs going up like they are—10,000 magazines and newspapers (some of them your favorites) will have to pull up stakes and quietly die.

Dadgumit! I started out publishing a little old magazine in 1936 when I was just a kid. The Depression was still *very much* with us but if you had the guts, could go hungry a little, and had a hard enough head, you could do just about anything you wished. You were working in a country of free enterprise; now, seems like things have changed considerably. . . .

I just received a clipping from a highly respected publication, passed on to me by a highly respected person. The note reads, "Joe, I read this about three times and still feel that maybe I'm misinterpreting it—but it made me so darn mad! It's as if the post office is *determined* to work opposite to keeping down costs. If you make a move to conserve, postal rates just go up again. Anyway, I thought you might want to use it if you ever write another editorial about the 'perils' of publishing." Well, I am writing that right now and running it in all three of our Western Americana magazines.

I'm not giving this editorial a three-time play because of my immortal style of writing but because a great many different people read these three magazines and I would like to put the message across to as many as possible and MAYBE SOMEBODY WILL DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT! I suppose you would like to see the quote that the above note referred to. It reads, "The second-class rate boost is necessary, officials said, because a number of publications have cut the weight and size of publications to reduce their costs, *resulting in a loss of revenue to the Postal Service.*" [Italics mine.]

Would you like to do some reflecting on that yourself? From the articles passed on to me, sent in by readers, and which I have chanced upon myself in *Reader's Digest, The Wall Street Journal, Harper's* and many more—it looks like a once-booming press is headed for sorry days.

You *can't believe* postal rates! Here's a letter one of our readers wrote his state senator recently—he sent me a carbon: "I have a friend who is being released from prison next month after serving fifteen years for highway robbery. I wonder if you wouldn't help him get a government job? I think he'd fit in nicely with the U. S. Postal Service." The senator is on the postal committee. A few letters like that and we would get some action. The day has passed to "let George do it."

THE American people can RUN this country once more if they will let the men in Washington *know* they intend to do so. Just to talk to a neighbor over the backyard fence, at a cocktail party, at church, or wherever you meet people, and just bitch, bitch, bitch will do *nobody* any good—including yourself and your neighbor! If we would take 1/10th of the time we spend *talking* about conditions and write a note to our congressmen and senators, something would be done about the things that need to be changed. Politicians live from votes like a big tick lives off blood from a skinny old cow. I've seen a cow with so many ticks, filled with blood to the bursting point, that if she hadn't been dipped or treated, she would have died. Finally, the ticks would have died too but, of course, the cow would have gone first.

Naturally, all of our politicians are not like this, but *all* of them need votes. If you'll take out a few moments and write letters to your representatives and tell them your thoughts in a calm, sincere but *very convincing* manner—they listen. After they receive twenty or so letters on a subject, they start bending an attentive ear. They know that for every person who took the time to write in, ten thousand may feel the same way but just didn't go to the "trouble." Well, if we keep thinking that letting our voices be heard in the proper places is "trouble," then we don't have the faintest idea of what *real* trouble can be—but I'll guarantee you, we'll find out!

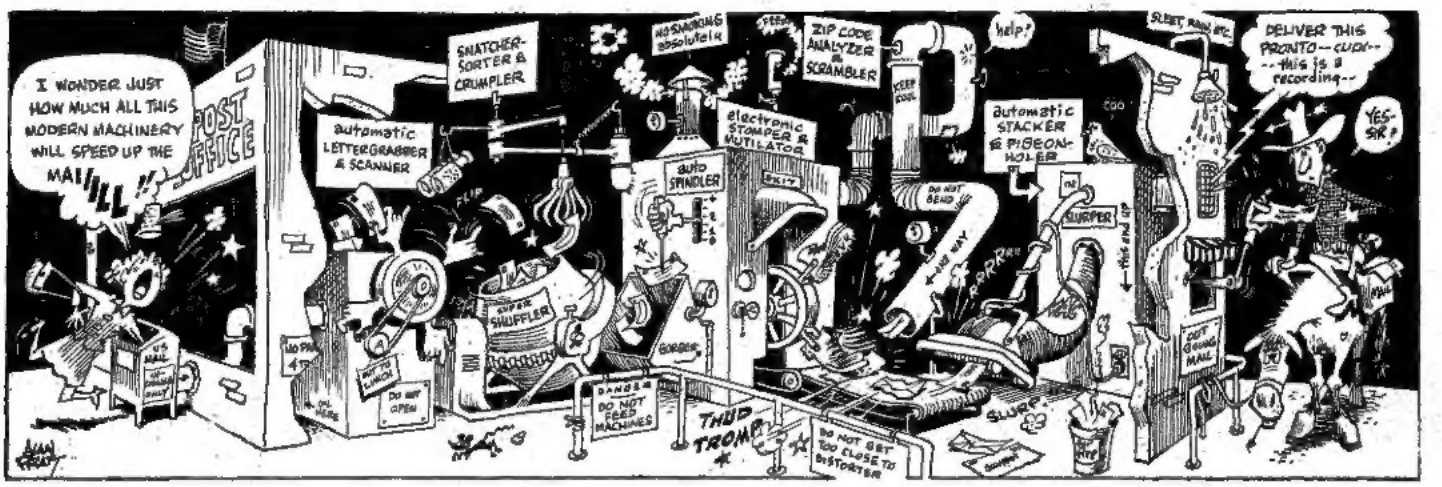
Relative to postal rates killing your favorite magazines, the ones Old Hosstail publishes might not be your *favorites* but if you even *like* them, then a letter from you to your representatives in Congress expressing an idea along the line—"Honorable Sir, If you do not feel as I do that the post office department is getting out of hand and something should be done about the runaway rates that are taking our magazines, newspapers, first-class mail—all of it passed on to us—then I am going to vote for another representative who *will* in the next election!" —then folks, that will bring some action. . . .

If you think I'm bellerin', crying doom and seeing boogers behind every bush for nothing, I'll quote a few recent releases from the magazines and newspapers mentioned above, and other media.

(Continued on page 69)

Step right up, folks—it's the only game in town!

Artist—Alan Pratt; Courtesy Seattle Times



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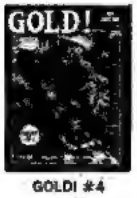

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By GEORGE B. ABDILL
Photos Courtesy Author

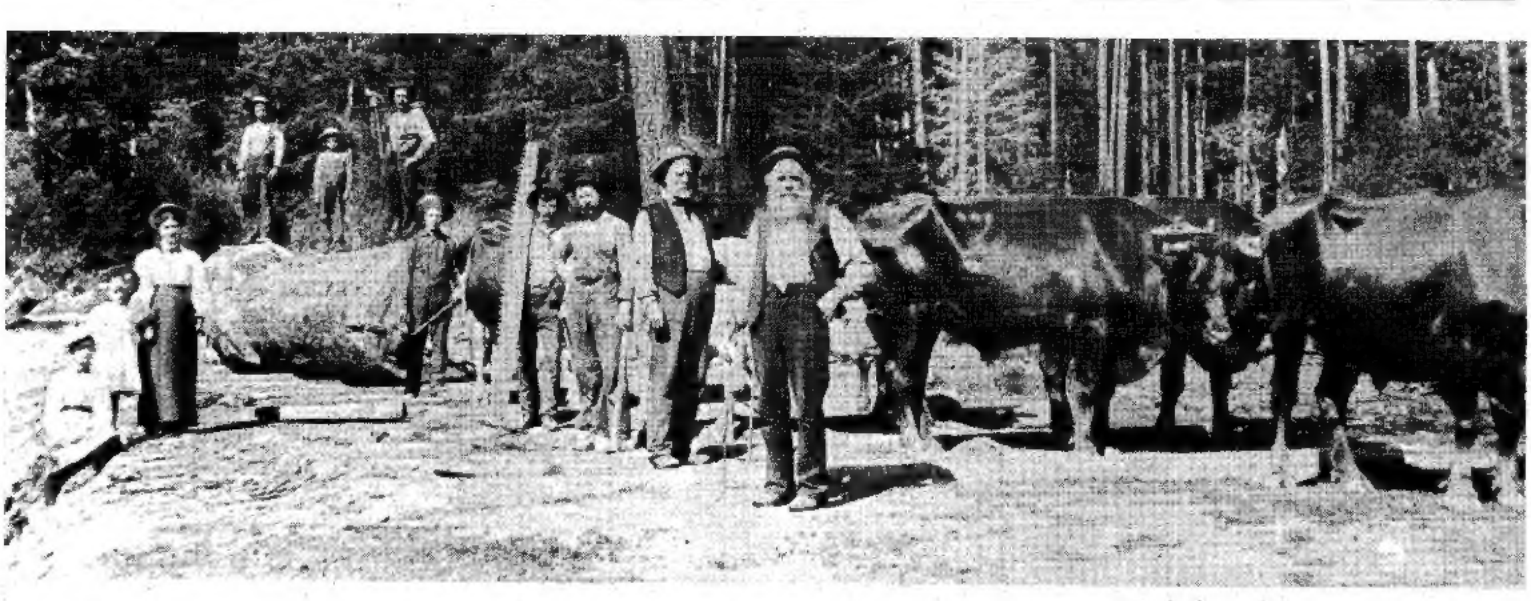
At right, a bull team logging camp operated by a man named Smith.

BULL TEAM

THE MEN who brought the giant trees out of the woods of the Pacific Northwest and delivered them to the hungry saws of the region's numerous lumber mills were operating in force by the 1870s but their era was all but ended by the turn of the century. The bull team logger and his goad stick were made obsolete by the steam donkey and the logging railroad.

American settlers in Oregon began to arrive in the 1840s, and by 1850 much of the arable lands west of the Cascade Mountains had been taken up by Donation Land Claim settlers for agricultural purposes. There was a growing demand for lumber for houses, barns, bridges and other building needs, in addition to a growing export trade, and the business of logging and lumbering boomed. Men who had crossed the plains in covered wagons drawn by plodding ox teams knew the value of work cattle in transporting burdens, and so the bull team logger was born. Oxen had been used in the timberlands of New England and the pineries of the Old South, but their moment of glory was to come in the big timber of the Pacific Northwest.

In pioneer times, hand loggers chopped down the giant trees growing along the rivers of the region and rolled them into the water with hand-operated jack



Above, the man standing at far right is Chris Hacker, logging boss for the Gardiner Mills Company. To his left is bull puncher Stillman Nottage. Behind Nottage is part of the logging crew. At right, five yoke of long-horned bulls pause while moving a big log across an Oregon coastal flat, trailed by four more yoke with a smaller "turn" of logs.

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A man as big as an ox—and an ox as tough as the trees he was dragging—these were frontier kings of the forest for about thirty years. It was a short reign with a goad stick, but a dramatic one!

screws. As the stands of timber near streams suited for log driving were depleted, the timber fallers moved farther back into the woods and began using ox teams to drag the huge Douglas-fir logs to log dumps or sawmills.

The terrain of the West Coast logging country is primarily mountainous, criss-crossed with deep canyons and ravines cut by watercourses, many of the latter capable of floating logs down to sawmills on their lower reaches. In places where insufficient water was available for log drives, short railroad lines were constructed from the mills into the forests, and bull teams were used to deliver the logs to these railheads.

Oxen were ideally suited for West Coast logging. The ponderous beasts, many weighing around 2,000 pounds, moved slowly but surely over the rough footing, and their deliberate temperament made their use preferable to that of horses. Horse teams were occasionally used in logging, but the horse is more excitable by nature and in a tight spot will rear, plunge and thrash about. In the woods where stumps, snags and jagged ends of limbs and other logging debris blanket the ground, horses frequently injured themselves; bull teams plodded along methodically, ignoring situations that would excite a horse team.

The term "ox" or "oxen" was used to describe the work cattle used in logging, but the loggers themselves commonly referred to them as bulls or bull teams. Some of the cattle used were true oxen, castrated male bovines, usually called steers by the loggers. However, it was a common practice to use bulls as work animals in the woods. Unaltered, the bulls were more difficult to handle but some loggers preferred them in the belief that they had more spirit.

The oxen or bulls used in most logging camps were obtained from local ranchers and were usually of the heavier beef breeds such as the Durham, Devon or Hereford or a cross of these strains. Occasionally bulls of a dairy breed such as Jersey or Guernsey might show up in the woods, and in a few cases, matched spotted teams of Holstein bulls.

OTTO MATTHEWS of Roseburg, Oregon worked in the woods adjoining Coos County in his youth, greasing the skids for bull teams. Logs cut in the timber were moved out on skid roads, simple dirt trails across which poles or small logs were laid at intervals of several feet much like cross-ties on a railroad track.

Matthews' job was to apply grease to the upper surface of these poles to reduce the friction of the logs being dragged across them. He and many other youngsters got their start in the logging industry by going to work as skid greasers. Armed with a bucket of thick grease and a long-handled swab, they followed along immediately behind the rear yoke of bulls and just ahead of the log or logs being towed. Depending on the weight of the load and the grade of the road, the skid greaser swabbed a dash of grease on every skid, or on alternate skids, sometimes greasing only every third or fourth skid if the pull was not too heavy. Skid greasing required nimble footwork to avoid being run over by the ponderous log sliding along at the heels of the greaser.

Another hazard of the profession is vividly recalled by Mr. Matthews. "New bulls fresh off the ranches were untrained when they were bought by the logger," Otto recalls. "They just yoked them up and put them into the team, and these new bulls were always used as the rear yoke, hooked next to the log where all they could do was strain against the yoke and follow the yoke of cattle ahead of them in the team. The greaser really had to watch when greasing skids behind them, for they would kick hell out of you!"

King of the operation was the bull puncher, the man who actually drove the bulls. Occasionally he was a hired man driving bulls owned by the timber com-

LOGGER

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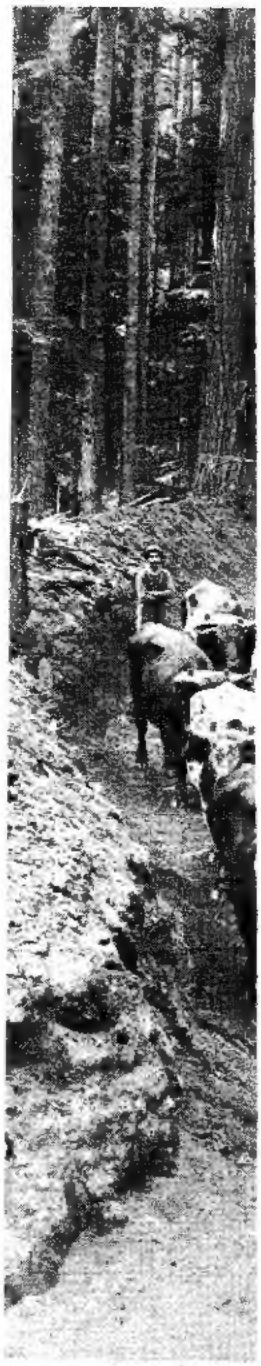
Courtesy Mrs. M. H. Durbin



Above left, the gentle nature of these particular work bulls is clearly indicated by children enjoying a ride. They are the lead bulls of G. F. Pike's seven-yoke team. Above right, bull team logger Solomon A. Perkins.

pany doing the logging, but more often he owned his own oxen and did the logging under contract. His job was to tend the cattle, yoke them up in the corral or bull barn in the morning, and guide them throughout the day, yarding felled logs out of the brush or moving them down the skid roads.

The leading yoke of oxen was usually the best trained yoke of the team, taught to obey voice commands shouted by the bull puncher. The puncher earned his colorful title by the use of the main tool of his trade. This tool was the ox gad or goad stick, his symbol of authority over the dumb brutes in his charge. The goad stick was made of hickory or hazel, an inch or more in diameter and about four to five feet in length, with a slight taper toward the upper end. In this end was set a sharp-pointed brad or nail, projecting an inch or two beyond the end of the wood. It served the bull team logger in the same capacity that the traditional black-snake drover's whip

Below, nine yoke of oxen are visible in this 1890 vintage photograph taken along the lower Nehalem River in Tillamook County, Oregon.

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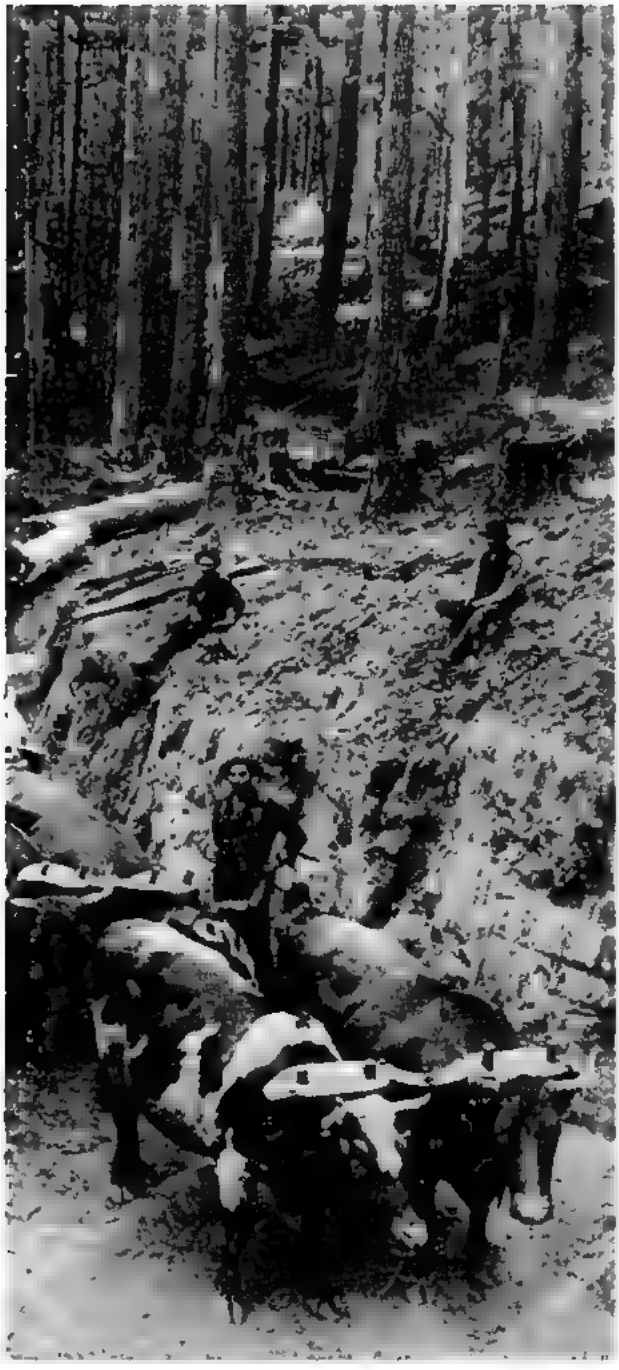


Courtesy Douglas County Museum

Above, Sheriff W. W. Gage of Coos County logged with oxen in the 1890s, and is shown here shoeing one of his work bulls. At left, the hand-dug "cut" on this skid road is in the Fat Elk region of Oregon. Below, this bull team was logging on the Smith River in the 1890s.

served the ox-team freighter on the open plains. In the woods a black-snake was an impediment rather than an aid, constantly tangling in the thick underbrush or hanging up on roots and limbs.

The goad stick was light and easily carried in one hand, ready for instant use. Bull punchers customarily drove from the left side of their teams, trotting along beside the laboring oxen. To urge them to exert their greatest efforts in starting a standing turn of logs or on steep pulls when in motion, the bull puncher would start his team by voice command and if necessary would back this up by using his goad stick.

A whack across the back or rump was often sufficient, but the sharp brad in the end of the stick was sometimes called into use, the bull puncher earning his nickname by actually jabbing or punching the pointed metal goad into the

Courtesy Douglas County Museum

Below, a bull puncher, goad stick in hand, stands on a skid road beside his six yoke of bulls.

hide of the straining animals. The stick was of the right length to permit the puncher to jab the nigh ox, and also to reach across the back of the nigh ox and jab his team-mate, the off ox, on the far side of the yoke opposite the puncher.

HEAVY wooden yokes, held in place by the conventional ox bows, were placed across the necks of each team and the bows secured with a pin. The bows simply held the yoke in place, most of the strain of pulling being exerted against the yoke itself at the point where it came in contact with the heavily-muscled hump of the bull's front shoulders. A heavy log chain, its iron links fastened to a center ring in each yoke, ran the length of the team and divided at its rear end, the two chains of the divided portion leading to metal "dogs" which were driven into each side of the front end of the leading log.

If the timber was small enough to permit a team to move more than one log at a time, the turn of logs were dogged together with connecting chains, much in the manner of couplings in a train of railroad cars. These dogs were of an unusual design, being so constructed that the rear end of them formed a fulcrum. Iron being a rather expensive commodity, the mauls used to pound them into the logs were usually made of hardwood with a circular band of iron around the outer surface to keep the wood from splintering. The wooden maul did not damage the iron dog when hammering it into the log, and a sharp rap of the maul on the rear end of the dog would cause the dog to pop out of the log, freeing the team from their burden.

It was a common practice to snipe the leading end of the log to be moved along the skid road. Sniping consisted of chopping off the sharp edge at the end of the log, beveling the outer surface of the butt of the log so it would slide along more freely, not gouging into the dirt or the skids of the skid road. Each log customarily has a heavy side, a side that will of its own accord become the bottom side of the log when it is moved. This side of the log is termed "the ride" and many old-time bull team loggers became so adept at sizing up a log with their eye and determining which side of the log would seek the bottom that they would only bevel that lower portion of the end of the log. This was called "sniping the ride." In some operations the logs were barked before moving them out of the timber, metal spuds being used to remove the thick and corrugated outer bark of the fir tree. A barked log with its slick surface of exposed wood would move along a skid road more easily than a log with the heavy coat of bark.

When moving the bucked sections of a fallen tree out of the brush where the fallers had toppled the forest giant to earth and the buckers had sawed or bucked it up into convenient lengths of logs, the bull puncher would lead his team of four or five yokes of cattle to a point as close as possible to the end of the log to be moved. Obeying his voice command and an occasional prod from the goad stick, each yoke of oxen would pass by him and turn around him sharply, heading back in the direction of their approach. His "Whoa, haw!" would halt the team with the rear yoke close to the end of the log, enabling the dogs and chain to be hooked into place.

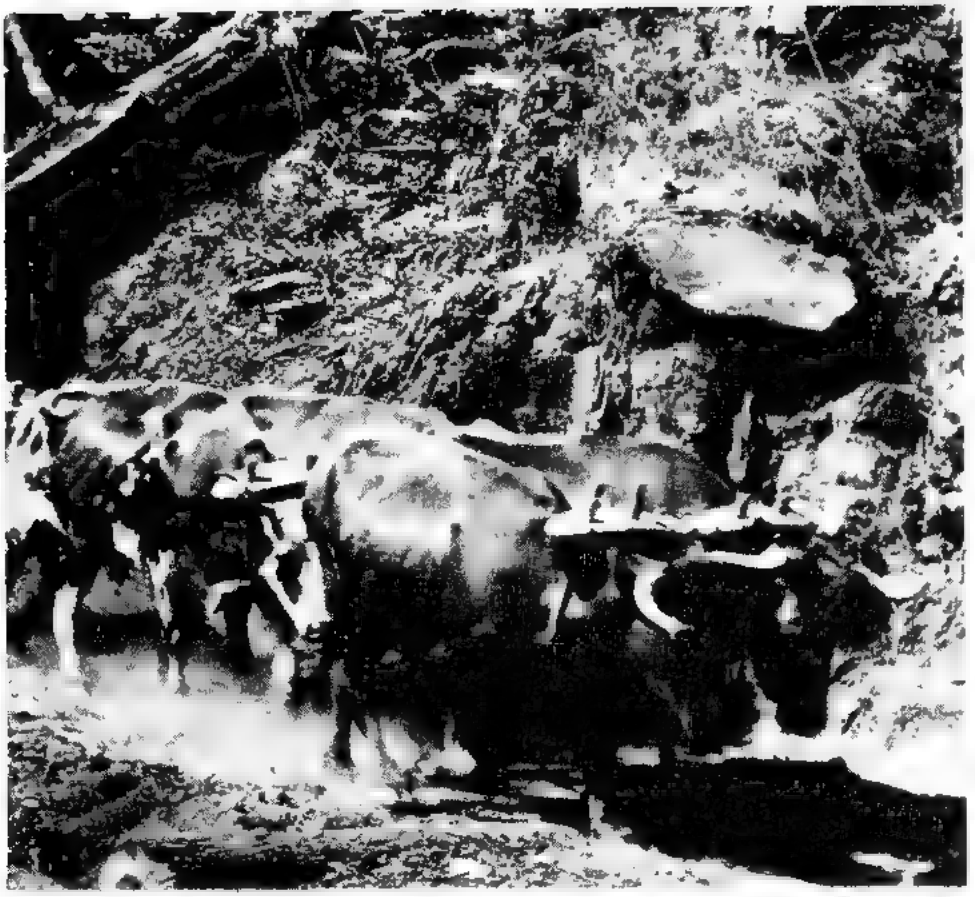
Above, five yoke of cattle in action on the John B. Yeon logging operation near present Cathlamet, Washington.

The cry of "Gee up!" (often accompanied by a choice blast of purple profanity) would set the team in motion. The lead yoke would move slowly forward, followed by each succeeding yoke until the chain came tight. Then with a concerted effort the entire team would strain against the yokes and the log would begin to move forward. With a cracking of brush the outfit would be off to the skid road, the labored breathing of the bulls punctuated by oaths of encouragement from the puncher and the occasional bellow of a laggard bull as the goad was put to him to induce a little more effort.

Ron Finne of Springfield, Oregon recently interviewed Otto Matthews while preparing his wonderful film, "Natural Timber Country," a sympathetic documentary of logging in the Northwest woods in the days of the vast stands of virgin timber. In recalling his days working with bull teams, Otto asked, "Do

Below, logs brought to a landing by oxen are being loaded by hand onto railroad cars by loggers using peaveys and jackscrews. The locomotive at far right is a homemade affair using a vertical boiler.

Courtesy Douglas County Museum



you know where to goad a bull to really make him pull? In that tender spot on the barrel of the ribs just behind the shoulder joint of the fore-leg. By God, they can't take much of that!"

AS in every walk of life, there were kindly bull punchers and cruel ones, but the latter variety usually did not last on a job long. Men who were hired to drive bulls and who used the goad stick too freely would soon find themselves walking out of camp looking for another job. A man who fed and treated his bulls well was always preferable to the puncher who was constantly bloodying the hides of his cattle. Well-fed and well-trained oxen were more profitable to use in the long run, bringing in more logs with less effort than starved and abused teams could handle.

Below, logs were brought to the top of a bluff by oxen and rolled over the brink.

The use of the goad stick came to the attention of humanitarians in the Northwest and legislation was passed, limiting the length of the metal brad in the end of the goad stick to a point where it would merely prick the tough hide of a work bull. Unscrupulous bull punchers sometimes circumvented this law by fitting leather washers over the brad to cover it, leaving only the tip exposed. On a hang-up or a hard pull, these leather washers could be easily slipped off, permitting a longer portion of the brad to penetrate more deeply into the dumb brutes. The washers could be readily slipped back into the required position if an inspector showed up.

Logging by bull team was done primarily during the dry months of summer. The surface of the skid road was dirt, with the wooden skids laid crosswise at intervals, and the plodding oxen stepped over each skid as they reached it. When the winter rains drenched the Northwest forests the dirt roads became extremely muddy and the hoofs of the cattle would soon cut up a skid road, turning it into a quagmire.

Work bulls were shod to protect their hoofs and the process was one worthy of mention. Unlike a horse, the ox did not patiently submit to a blacksmith. Armed with sharp horns on one end and a set of wicked and powerful hoofs on the other, a ton of work bull was a formidable object for a shoer to tackle. The blacksmith ran the risk of being gored or "kicked clean out of the county!" as one old-timer put it.

Various devices were used to aid in shoeing oxen. Sometimes the bull was simply thrown and hog-tied, but in larger camps special frames were built to hold them during the operation. The bull was led into the space between four upright poles and securely tied by the head. Two stout canvas slings were placed under his body, and a roller powered by hand with a marlinspike hoisted him clear of the ground. One hind leg was tied securely to a rear upright post and the one to be shod was stretched out behind him and securely lashed to a brace set at an angle. Thus the bottom of a rear hoof was presented to the blacksmith.

Oxshoes differ from horseshoes. Because of the cloven hoof of the bull, two separate plates are necessary in order not to hamper the splaying action of the hoof when the ox puts his weight on it.

FEEDING work bulls posed a problem in some areas. If a handy meadow was available the oxen could graze, but in most camps in the timber there was neither time nor sufficient grass for cattle to forage for themselves. Baled hay often had to be freighted into camp. On Oregon's Smith River, hay for feeding logging teams was put up in smaller bales than the standard farm size and transported to the camps with pack trains of horses, roads in the upper reaches of the river then being nonexistent.

At some of the more permanent logging camps, rough barns were built to shelter the oxen but many temporary

logging locations afforded only a pole corral to keep the work bulls from straying away during the night.

The owner of the teams had to care for them during the inactive winter months as well as during the summer logging season. George Perkins recalled that logging with bulls usually started in May and lasted until mid-November, depending on the weather conditions, and that as a boy he and his brother rolled out at 4:00 every morning throughout the winter season to feed his father's bull teams even though the cattle were idle.

All teamsters were knowledgeable in the rudiments of veterinary medicine. A sick or an injured bull meant that the services of one yoke was lost unless a spare bull was around. Accidents sometimes took the life of a work bull or a broken leg would necessitate a bull's being killed, and tradition has it that in some camps a bull killed in the woods soon after appeared on the cookhouse tables as fresh beef.

Bull team logging presented a picturesque sight. An Englishman, Wallis Nash, wrote that while visiting Oregon's Yaquina Bay area in 1877 he witnessed one of the prettiest sights he could recall -that of a team of five or six yokes of matched red and white spotted oxen logging against a background of green undergrowth at the edge of a cathedral-like stand of towering fir trees.

Occasionally viewers got more than they bargained for. A passenger train from Chicago to Portland halted one hot afternoon at old Bridal Veil Station along the Columbia River. The car windows had been raised in an effort to catch the cooling breezes. A near-sighted bull puncher from the Bridal Veil timber operations had brought his bulls down to the station to move a heavy piece of machinery up to the sawmill at Palmer on the mountainside above the tracks of the old Oregon Railway & Navigation Co., now part of the Union Pacific lines. Unaware that a train was standing near the depot, he proceeded to start his bulls with volleys of profanity that would make a sailor blush. A veteran railroader who witnessed the scene told me that the car windows were slammed down in a continuous series of crashes as the bulls and the profanity passed the length of the train.

Bull punchers were not entirely without heart, however. When a summer shower slickened a skid road, causing the logs to run out of control on a downgrade and plunge into a canyon, dragging all the yokes of matched cattle to their destruction, one grieving bull puncher sat down on a stump and cried over the loss of his beautiful animals. Working constantly with them, a driver acquired a fondness for his cattle and learned to know each bull's characteristics. Bulls bore individual names and the puncher called to them by name when encouraging them to pull. Common names for work bulls included Buck, Bright, Star, Dandy, Bally, and similar monickers. Of course, a choice string of unprintable adjectives was usually coupled with the names of the individual oxen.

THE Late George Perkins of Gardiner, Oregon wrote up his recollections of boyhood in the woods on Oregon's Smith River, where he and his father before him logged with bulls. He included the following on bull punchers:

"Up to the time I left our old home on Smith River and for a long time afterward there was never a doctor inside the house, except once for about 20 minutes. [It was a fifteen-mile trip up Smith River by rowboat and the old doctor from Gardiner, the nearest sawmill town, was usually "polluted" with strong drink when he arrived on the rare occasions he was summoned.] Dad got in the way of a log and it rolled over him, and the doctor, being in the neighborhood, was called in. After examining Dad for broken bones and finding none, he was soon on his way.

"Some of the logging crew had carried Dad to bed and Mom had rubbed out some of the kinks and patched up some of the bruises and he was soon as good as new. He needed rest anyway, as it cleared up his vocal cords so he could yell louder and cuss plainer at the bull team. In those days a bull teamster or driver was tops if he could out-swear, outholler, drink more whiskey and chaw more 'tobacky' than his fellow teamsters. Dad was not much of a drinking man nor did he use much tobacco, so I guess he was not considered a really classy bull puncher, but he could HOLLER!

"A cruel teamster, one that is continually beating his team, is never a success for very long. I have heard teamsters ask, 'Why doesn't this team pull the loads like it did when Asa Henderson or Si Blackwell or Sol Perkins drove it?' The reason was simple—too much free use of the goad stick when the teamster beat his bulls, sometimes unmercifully. These 'lacings' usually took place when the owner of the team was absent. In those days, even as now, someone would spill the beans and Mr. Teamster would get his traveling papers pronto, with no recommendation."

The coming of the steam donkey engine, followed later by the logging railroad, gas crawler-type tractors, and the logging truck drove the bull teams into oblivion, and little remains to mark their existence. They were a colorful sight and the photographers of yesteryear who ventured into the timber found them a prime target for their cameras, leaving an excellent pictorial record of them from the redwoods of California to the spruce and fir forests of British Columbia.

Old logging yokes are preserved in a number of museums, along with other tools of the woods during the bull team era, and now and then a trace of an old skid road can be found in the reforested timberlands where once the shout of the bull puncher broke the silence. A rusty oxshoe marks the site of a long-forgotten bull barn, where the teamster rolled out at 4:00 o'clock to fill the mangers with hay; and Paul Bunyan's fabled blue ox Babe, has enshrined the bull team in Northwest literature for all time.

Below left, five yoke of bulls in the Smith Basin region of western Oregon snake a long string of logs down a skid road. On right, matched teams of oxen. The leaders are solid white, followed by four yoke of uniformly dark cattle.

The author's ranch on Big Creek is near the location of Ira McGarry's camp, where three gold claims were staked at one time.

McGARRY'S LOST GOLD

Seems like there still might be a little overlooked ore up on Thunder Mountain...

By NOEL ROUTSON

Photos Courtesy Author

A natural monument close to the discovery site.

I BELIEVE I'm the only old-timer living who knows the exact location of Ira McGarry's camp, where three gold claims were staked at once.

In 1915, at age seven, I traveled with my Dad over this same old trail and Dad showed me where they had camped. I never had an opportunity to go back there myself and prospect, but knowing what I do now about geology and prospecting, I'm satisfied that the fault was right there at their campsite. I base this conclusion on the dark, red color of the ground, the strike of the swale and the general run of the veins in the immediate area. Other faults in this same district show favorable merit and may be opened up at some future time. Gold and copper are the main minerals. I believe the dark color came from copper, probably boronite, and the main ore could be found on the hanging wall side.

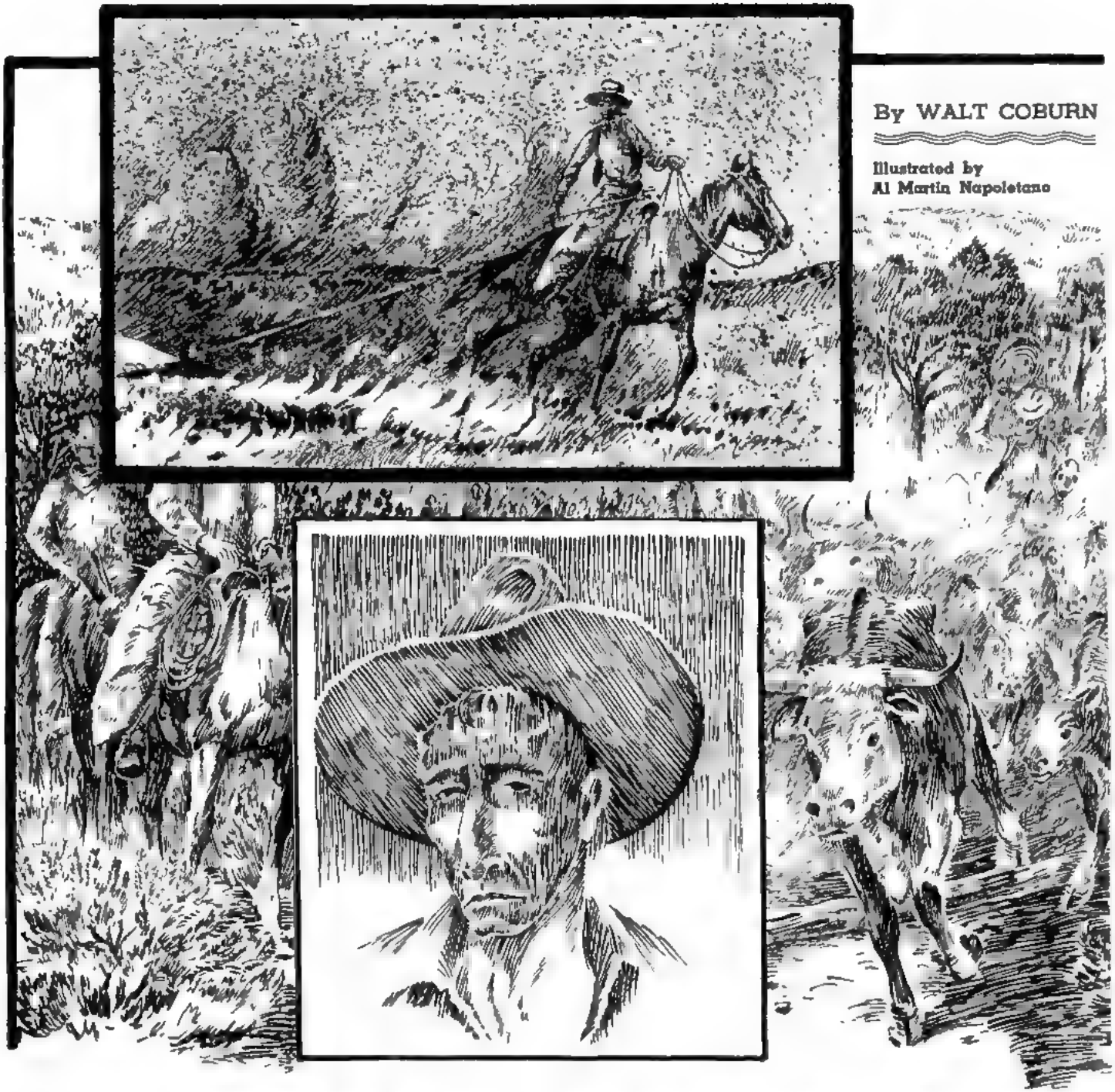
I was raised on a ranch on Big Creek, a tributary of the Middle Fork of the Salmon River, from 1910 to 1918. Then I moved to Weiser, Idaho to go to school and stayed in that part of the country until 1936.

At first we were twenty-five miles, by horse trail, from the nearest wagon road at Edwardsburg and 100 miles from the nearest doctor in McCall or Cascade. The trail from the ranch to Edwardsburg was a two-day trip with horses. The Trail followed Big Creek, but owing to the rough terrain, perpendicular bluffs and slide rock, there was often a mile or two detour straight up a mountain and straight back down.

Shortly before my time on Big Creek, prospectors found placer and quartz gold at the Dewey Mine—quartz at Sunnyside and placer at Monumental Creek. This started the Thunder Mountain Boom. The Caswell brothers, from a ranch on Lower Big Creek, were the first to discover gold at the Dewey Mine. The Dewey discovery was made in a clay sheer zone, between a contact of basalt and schist. The mine was at the head of Mule Creek, a tributary of Monumental Creek, two miles above its junction.

The town of Roosevelt sprang up at the mouth of Mule Creek, but a few years later a large landslide, caused by spring run-off and placer activity, came down Mule Creek, dammed off Monumental Creek and

(Continued on page 56)



By WALT COBURN

Illustrated by
Al Martin Napoletano

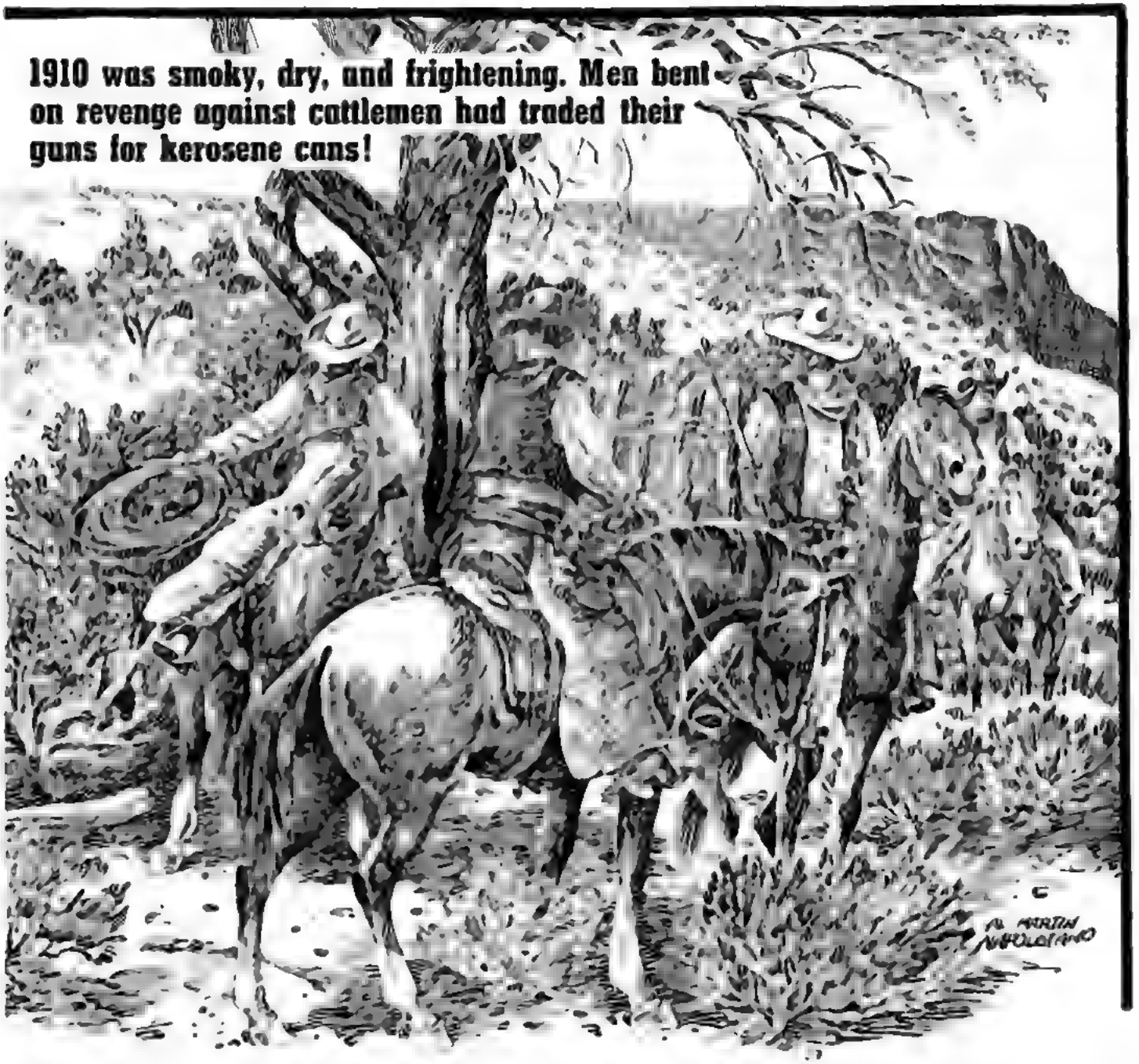
SUMMER OF THE BLUE

WHEN my father Robert Coburn made his land dicker with Granville Stuart of the D H S outfit in 1886 to trade the Coburn ranch holdings on Flat Willow south of the Missouri River in the Judith Mountains for all the D H S land holdings north of the Missouri River, it was one of the largest free range land swaps in the northeastern Montana cow country. And it established the Circle C outfit.

It was that same year that the Fort Belknap Indian Reservation which joined the Circle C was established by U. S. Government survey. Prior to 1886 the D H S, owned jointly by Davis, Hauser, and Stuart, had filed on the water rights to the headwaters of Rock Creek, Beaver Creek, Little Warm, and Big Warm Creeks at their sources in the Little Rockies.

All these large spring headwaters were then included inside the boundaries of the Fort Belknap Reservation, and re-establishing water rights to the creeks for my father's Circle C outfit required a suit in the Supreme Court at Helena. That somewhat lengthy legal procedure, with its several years of litigation, was simply a matter that concerned the Montana Territorial Land Office and the U. S. Indian Bureau at Washington, D. C, to record it legally on the maps.

As a final result the Circle C was legally allowed the First Water Rights to the aforementioned creeks, outside and beyond the boundaries of the reservation, which in no way deprived the Indians of their water rights. In various and sundry meetings with my father and the tribal chiefs of the Assiniboines and Gros Ventres, held at the Fort Belknap Indian Agency at Milk River through interpreters and members from the Bureau of Indian Affairs, these meetings were


1910 was smoky, dry, and frightening. Men bent on revenge against cattlemen had traded their guns for kerosene cans!
AL MARTIN NAPOLITANO

SNOW

peaceful and wholly without conflict or enmity.

The U. S. Government survey establishing the boundary lines of the reservation was well defined with large brass markers and with steel pegs at intervals for the benefit of the fence crews, but it required a few years to complete the fencing. Meanwhile, the Indian Police, riding in pairs, constantly patrolled every mile.

Ever since the establishment of the reservation Robert Coburn had had a grazing permit to run a given number of his cattle, branded Half Circle C, on the reservation at so much per head, and there had never been any trouble with the tribal chiefs and medicine men of the Assiniboines and Gros Ventres who were always made welcome at the ranch.

It was the squawmen who were the main source of trouble on the reservation. For the most part these squawmen were former soldiers who had married full-blood Indians in order to claim their squawman's rights of land, cattle, horses, and other U. S. Indian Department rations on issue day. Among the half-dozen or so of these trouble-makers was a tall, rawboned Missourian. He was a hook-nosed man with squinted eyes the color of dirty dishwater, and had an unruly shock of tow-colored hair that he trimmed himself with sheepshears. I'll call him Tad Jenson (which is not his right name).

When Tad was sixteen he ran away from his Missouri home and worked his way on a paddle-wheel river steamboat from St. Louis as far as Fort Benton, Montana. There he joined the army as a muleskinner, working himself up to stable sergeant in charge of the muleskinners. He still had a couple of years to serve when he bought his way out of the army.

Jensen was one of the first soldiers to take up his squawman's rights on the Fort Belknap Reservation. Having married a sixteen-year-old Gros Ventres, he filed on a choice piece of land on Little Warm Creek.

(Continued on page 50)

MY BROTHER—

The author of Hound Dog Man hasn't been gone very long—the grass has just greened on his grave. But we at Western Publications miss him very much, and his sister does too—and remembers him in a very special way

By STELLA GIPSON POLK
Photos Courtesy Author

"GUESS them old girls hid it." Fred looked up at Mama desperately. It was time to walk the two miles to school but Fred couldn't find his hat. I wanted to beg him to forget it and go bareheaded. He had parted his blonde hair on the left side and had it all slicked down. His hat would have bushed it up.

"Guess *those* girls hid it," Jennie corrected. Jennie was the oldest of us five girls. She had been to college and she was a teacher. She wasn't home much anymore but she deplored Fred's grammar.

Mama stopped punching down her dough. It rose up where her hands had been and popped and bubbled. Mama had set the yeast the night before. She would have the bread baked in three big loaves by the time we kids got home

The Gipson children. Starting at top left is Stella. Next to her is Bessie. Seated on far left, Jennie; in center, Christiana; on right, Ethel. Seated on floor is young Fred. Photo taken before the birth of Charles.

Fred Gipson

The old Gipson homeplace.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FRED GIPSON

Fred Gipson's sister, Stella (Gipson) Polk.

from school. My mouth watered just thinking about Old Rose's yellow butter spread over a warm slice of it and then topped with wild hog plum jelly.

"Stella, have you seen Fred's hat?" Mama asked me.

"No'm." I checked the mantel clock and ran to get my books off the dresser. Bessie and Ethel had already left for school. I could see them through the open door, walking down the lane. They were the punctual type, not dreamers like me.

Mama sighed. "Fred, you go to school with Stella." She went in to check on Baby Charles in his cradle.

Fred looked stricken. "Without my hat? Mama, I just gotta have my hat! Guess them old girls—"

Three-year-old Christiana toddled over to the hearth holding her china-headed doll by one leg. "Guess them old girls—" she repeated.

Mama's patience snapped. "Get your books and don't you back-talk me," she ordered Fred.

He walked on one side of the lane and I on the other. Bluebonnets had budded until they were swelled to pop open in bloom. They lined the shoulders of the road and lapped over in the middle. A red ant bed ringed by wisps of needle grass made a seething circle in one of the bare ruts. A grasshopper rode the limb of a kerless weed and rocked with the March winds. I wanted to say something to Fred but I didn't know what. "I—I'm sorry about your hat," I told him.

"Yeah. Guess them old girls—" he stopped, remembering I was one of them. The courthouse clock chimed eight times. We shinnied over the rock fence and ran across the Murray field. If I came up with a red "T" on my report card, meaning I was tardy, Papa would be mad.

I was sorry for Fred because he was a boy. I couldn't for the life of me see why Papa and Mama had been so proud because he was a boy. Ethel was the brains of us kids, always turning up with 100s in school. Bessie always made straight 100s in deportment; I always made straight 100s in most everything but deportment. Fred wouldn't get a card until he was in the second grade. I cringed at the thought, for being a boy no telling what kind of grades he would bring home, and Papa would be so unhappy.

I'd help him, I promised myself as I watched him get in the first grade line. What he couldn't get at school, I'd teach him at home. I was older than he was, and luckier, because I'd been born a girl.

Above left, Beck and Emma Gipson in the yard at their home. At right, the old Mason Grammar School, where the Gipson children pursued their early education.

THAT afternoon when we got home from school, Mama had each of us kids a slice of hot, buttered bread spread with the hog plum jelly. I couldn't help but notice that Mama gave Fred the heel slice because that is always the crusty best. It was all right with me because Fred needed help.

Fred went out the kitchen door holding onto his slice. He hadn't even taken time to go in and stop by Baby Charles' cradle and crook a finger in his little fist as he usually did. Presently I heard Mama gasp at the window and I ran to see what was happening. Fred was out by the grape arbor feeding that whole piece of bread to his old hound Ring!

Ring just stood there, tail flopping, long ears twitching while he lapped up the last bite. He had gobbled up that good crusty heel!

Mama turned from the window. "I wanted him to be somebody," she said heavily, "but I reckon he'll just turn out to be a hound-dog man."

I wanted to say something to Mama, to

take up for Fred, but I didn't. You didn't back-talk Mama.

Christiana looked up from the hearth where she was playing dolls. "Guess them old girls hid it," she said clearly.

Papa heard her when he came through the room. He went out the front door, his eyes twinkling, his black mustache quivering.

"Beck," Mama said to his back, "you've got to help me with that boy."

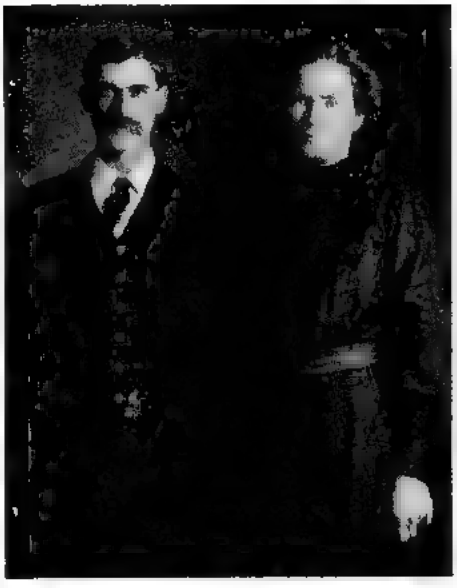
Papa turned. "Why, Emma, there's not a thing wrong with Fred only he's a boy—all boy."

I hugged myself. So Papa knew what was wrong and Mama didn't. But somehow I didn't get the idea Papa aimed to do anything about it. So it would all be left up to me.

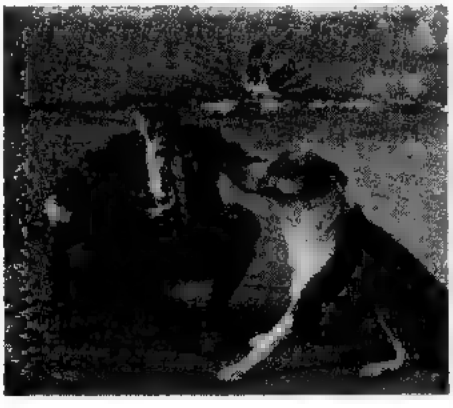
A week went by. Still nobody had seen Fred's hat. Mama cleaned house and moved all the beds when she scrubbed but she didn't turn up any hat. I couldn't see why Fred had to have it. The hat wasn't pretty. It was dark blue with a little red feather stuck in the hat band. But it was a faded hat and all out of shape. Besides, Fred looked better bareheaded.

TWO tall trees, a mesquite and a wild china, stood side by side in front of the corncrib. Mama loved those trees. "They stand there together like two old friends," she'd say. Every Saturday Bessie and I would climb those trees until Mama made us get down and rake the yard. Each tree had a limb jutting out toward the other as if they were shaking hands. Bessie and I always sat on the tip of those limbs and visited.

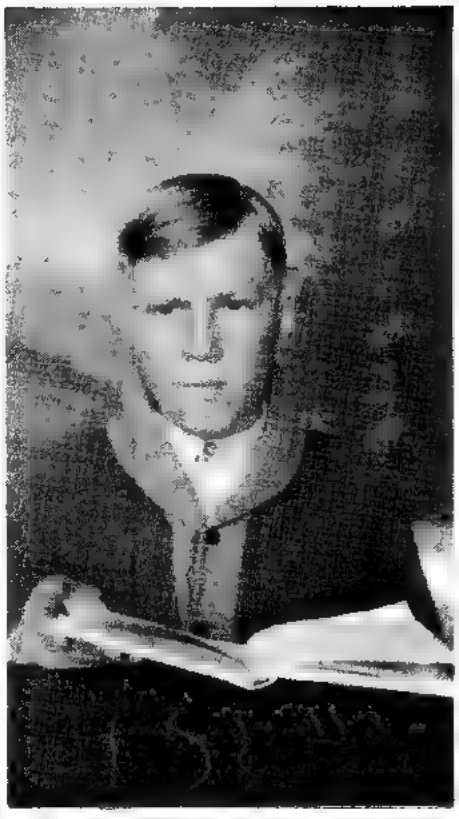
On this particular Saturday as we talked, I happened to glance down and there was Fred's hat. A wooden barrel stuffed with loose staves and what-not stood between the corncrib and the two trees. And down in the bottom of that barrel I could see the hat. There was no mistaking it. I could see the brim turned up and the little red feather peeking out from the headband.



Fred Gipson's parents, Beck and Emma.



Charles Gipson, age nine.



Charlie Gipson in the fourth grade.

We shinnied down those trees quicker'n you could say calf rope. I leaned over the barrel to pull out the hat, but Bessie stopped me. "Better let him see where he put it," she advised.

It was hard for me to leave Fred's hat, for I didn't want him to see the silly place he'd stowed it. But Bessie was older than me so I was supposed to mind her.

Fred had gone to town with Papa in the wagon, bareheaded, of course, and mighty unhappy about it. It would be late when they got back.

When I saw them coming home, I watched them drive through the open wire gate and up to the corncrib. I wanted to run tell Fred, but Ethel beat me out the yard gate. Ethel was the quiet one but when it came to telling news, she would have made a good town crier. I didn't get there in time to hear what she told him but I did get there in time to see Fred pull out his hat. He straightened the brim, puffed out the crown then pulled it down over his nicely combed hair. "Guess them old girls hid it," he said.

* * * * *

More than half a century has gone by but across the years I still can hear Fred say, "Guess them old girls hid it. . . ."

Oh, Fred.

Charles was a seismograph operator for Standard Oil of New Jersey. He is shown here while stationed in Surinam, 1939.

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A HUNCH ABOUT THAT YELLOW STUFF

McKee was sure he had something, whether others agreed or not, and he never abandoned that feeling. Trouble was, he couldn't make it pay and he didn't live long enough to see it change the course of history

photographic plate by radioactive materials. They are of a leaf and Chinese coin.

By AGNES WRIGHT SPRING

Photo Courtesy Author

LEE, pioneer photog- trose, Colorado, was the Western Slope, ould have won world- been able to identify hat he found in the Roc Creek near the

was photography. He trose, Ouray and Dal- his pictures of Ute estern towns were in His avocation was by which for many h of his time in the mn. Sometimes he often he had com-

k sixty five to nine- from Montrose, over Bucktail Trail to the He went horseback or in a buckboard ting supplies and a to rid the trail of and then in order to he would lower his ge with a rope and

welcome by isolated families who gladly provided food and lodging.

In 1895 McKee was intrigued by the discovery by Tom Dullan, an Irishman, of a body of "lemon-colored" ore in sandstone on Roc Creek in Montrose County. Upon examining some of the unusual ore, the photographer-prospector thought it might contain chloride of gold, and perhaps some kind of ochre coloring such as the Indians used in painting their faces for war dances, or for coloring buckskin, especially moccasins.

Since the ore looked like sulphur McKee tried to light it with a match, but it would not burn. Then he tasted it to see if it were sweet, bitter, acid, or saline in nature. Still no conclusions.

Thinking that the ore might contain gold, silver, copper or iron, McKee sent samples to the Colorado Department of Mines in Denver. According to the report that came back, no mineral could be found in the samples and no one in the

world by the discovery of X ray by Wilhelm Roentgen, a German physicist, and by Henri Becquerel's discovery that fluorescent uranium compounds emitted a type of radiation.

McKee was familiar with nitrate of uranium as he had used it since 1880 as a substitute for chloride of gold in his photography work. Hence, he was determined to find out more about the peculiar ore from Roc Creek; but when he submitted samples to local assayers they could give him no definite information.

In the summer of 1896 McKee met Charles Poulot, an assayer and chemist, who had come from Paris to Colorado in search of rare metals. As soon as Poulot established a camp at the Cashin Mine on La Sal Creek near Bedrock in the Paradox country, and had set up assaying equipment on the porch of a log cabin, McKee took five pounds of the unnamed ore to him.

After spending two days making tests of the substance Poulot told McKee that he had not reached a positive conclusion. He said he wanted to send some of the

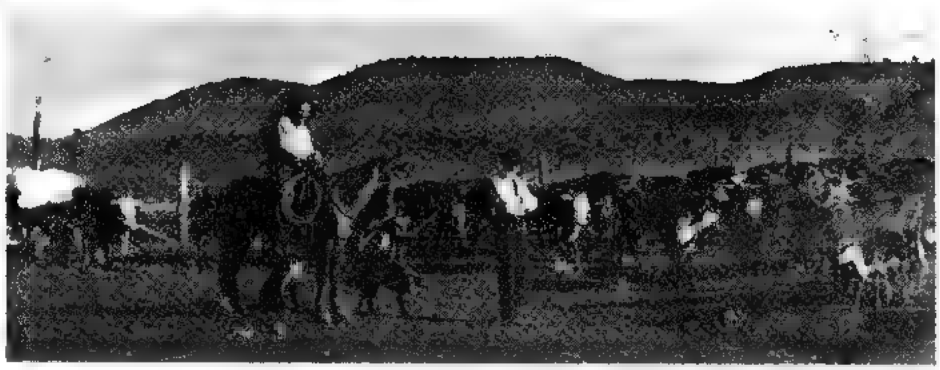
Long after gun barrels had grown cold, the reputation of being kindly disposed toward Billy the Kid could present problems in Lincoln County. The author is a member of the Coe family who inherited this old-time distrust—and overcame it

SOME PERSONAL PAPERS OF WILBUR COE

By LOUISE H. COE

Photos Courtesy Author

Wilbur Coe in his studio at the Coe Ranch in 1960.



Above, Wilbur Coe on horse; his father, Frank Coe, standing. This was a portion of their 1000 head of cattle on their Glencoe, New Mexico ranch, in 1911. Below, from left: Harvey Bonnell, uncle of Bert Bonnell; center, B. J. (Bert) Bonnell; Sydney Coe Bonnell, oldest sister of Wilbur Coe and wife of Bert Bonnell. Taken at the Coe Ranch about 1950.

DURING my election campaigns around Lincoln County, New Mexico, I sometimes felt like the Ancient Mariner, for Billy the Kid hung like an albatross around my neck. In the light of the Lincoln County War of the late 1870s, this is understandable. Much has been written, more con than pro, about Billy the Kid who formed a friendship with the Coe boys: Frank, who was my husband Wilbur's father; and George, Frank's cousin.

George was barely out of his teens and Frank only a few years older. In the bitter and bloody cattlemen's dispute they threw their support to the Tunstall-McSween forces. The Coe boys' friendship with the outlaw, Billy the Kid, added to this, created hard feelings among those who cast their lot with the Murphy-Dolan faction. The ill feeling generated was visited on me when I took to the campaign trail. Being married to a Coe put me in the bad graces of some of the Murphy-Dolan supporters and their descendants.

Today much about William Bonney is legend. Consequently, I feel I should put down here a few facets of the Kid's life that are not hearsay. These items, heretofore unpublished, I found among my husband's papers not long ago.

When Walter Noble Burns wrote his still popular *The Saga of Billy the Kid*, he spent some time at the Coe Ranch gathering material for his book. The following letter was later written to Wilbur:

"I am sending you a copy of my new book, *The Saga of Billy the Kid*. It has been nearly three years since I saw you at your home on the Ruidoso and possibly you have forgotten me. But I promised to send you one of the books, and now that it is at last out, I am keeping my promise.

"You figure in a number of episodes in the book and I have let you tell the story of the fight at Blazer's sawmill. You told me this story when I saw you and I have tried to make it accurate as possible. You will also find a long quotation from yourself in the chapter entitled 'The Kid.'

"I expect my version of the Kid's escape from Lincoln after killing Bell and Ollinger differs somewhat from your own. At least it differs from the usual story. The little game of monte was told me by Igenio Salazar and he said it was told to him by the Kid at Las Tablas the day after the Kid escaped.

"I will be greatly interested in hearing whatever criticism you have to pass upon the book. It represents, I think, the most painstaking research ever done on the history of that period and I have tried to keep it authentic while at the same time attempting to bring out all the drama of a very dramatic story.

"Will you please let me know that the book reaches you. Hoping this finds you in the best of health and that you will remain prosperously and happily a long time yet in this world, I remain

Very truly yours,
Walter Noble Burns"

Below, Wilbur Coe checking barley at the Coe Ranch in 1935.

FRANK and George Coe never wavered from their position regarding Billy the Kid. In 1931 Frank and Helena Tully Coe were in Portland, Oregon on a sort of second honeymoon. Of their visit a reporter on the *Morning Oregonian* of May 28, 1931 wrote in a box heading: "Friend of Billy the Kid

Frank Coe in 1925.

Recalls Days of Early West—Compadre of Noted Outlaw Describes Time That Youth Killed 15 Men To Avenge Englishman's Murder."

Following that is Frank Coe's opinion of this "noted outlaw": "Billy the Kid was a fine boy—smart, friendly, and a finer shot I never saw. Why, Billy could shoot a snow bird with a six-shooter and him a-gallopin' on a horse. Things were different out here those days when a man's safety depended on his ability to handle a gun and they needed such lads as Billy—Billy wasn't a bad boy at heart. Like all of us, he had to fight to live. Yes, all of us did back in those days. There wasn't any law and what a man had was what he was able to hold.

"It was in 1873 that I went out to New Mexico. It was all laid out for miles and miles without a fence or survey. A man had to be hard to live at all. It wasn't long after, that Billy the Kid came to me. His father had died and his stepfather treated him mean. We rode and hunted together and I took a real liking to this boy. He had class and was as quick as a cat with a gun. He didn't shoot twice. Once was enough.

"I don't know whether he had killed a man before I met him, but it wasn't long afterward that the thing happened that started him on a career and helped turn Lincoln County into a bloody battlefield. An English fellow with a lot of money and no sense came out there with the intention of going into the cattle business. He hired the kid to protect him and his stock. The Indians were bad and there was rough men roamin' around.

"Billy warned him to be on the lookout, but the English fellow couldn't understand that men would shoot another down in cold blood for his money. They ambushed him, and the Kid resolved that he would kill every man who participated in the murder. The Lincoln County War, a struggle for dominance between men who wanted to rule the section, came on. During the war Billy killed 10 out of the 15 men he'd set out to get.

"And then the military took it up. The government was afraid we'd kill all the men in the county. Some 30 or 40 men had already been shot. I surrendered and stood trial. [Frank and George Coe were brought to trial for the killing of Buckshot Roberts at the battle of Blazer's mill.] They acquitted me on the first ballot. But even if I had been convicted, General Lew Wallace, governor of the territory, had promised to pardon me. He made the Kid the same kind of offer if he'd surrender and lay down his arms. Billy told him he'd like to accept but that once he surrendered his gun he'd never get to the courthouse alive. So they shook hands and Billy took to the hills and the governor went back to Santa Fe. Billy was only 19 years of age then.

"Later they captured the Kid and put him in jail to await execution. The scaffold was built under his window. One of the guards taunted him. He was a bully and was trying to get the Kid to make a false move so he could plug Billy and then brag about killin' him. Billy watched his chance, grabbed another guard's gun and fought his way out.

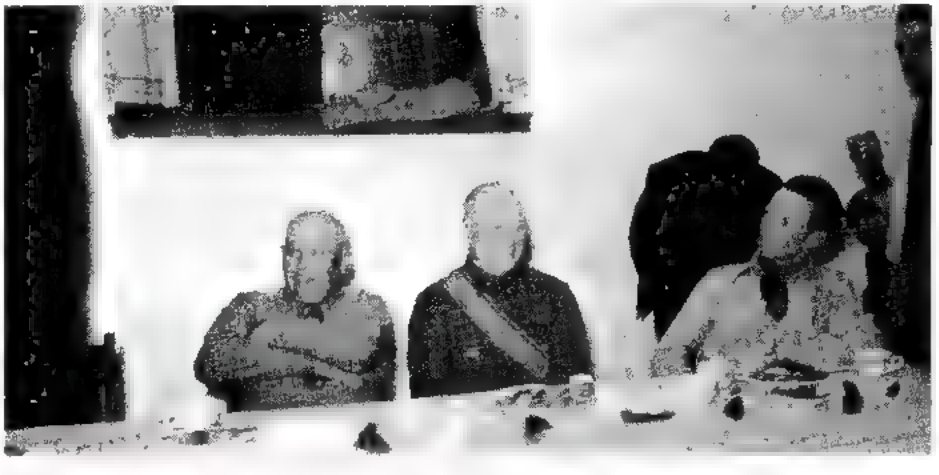
"He had to kill the guard whose gun he grabbed, because he ran. He also killed the bully. He was waylaid a year later and killed."

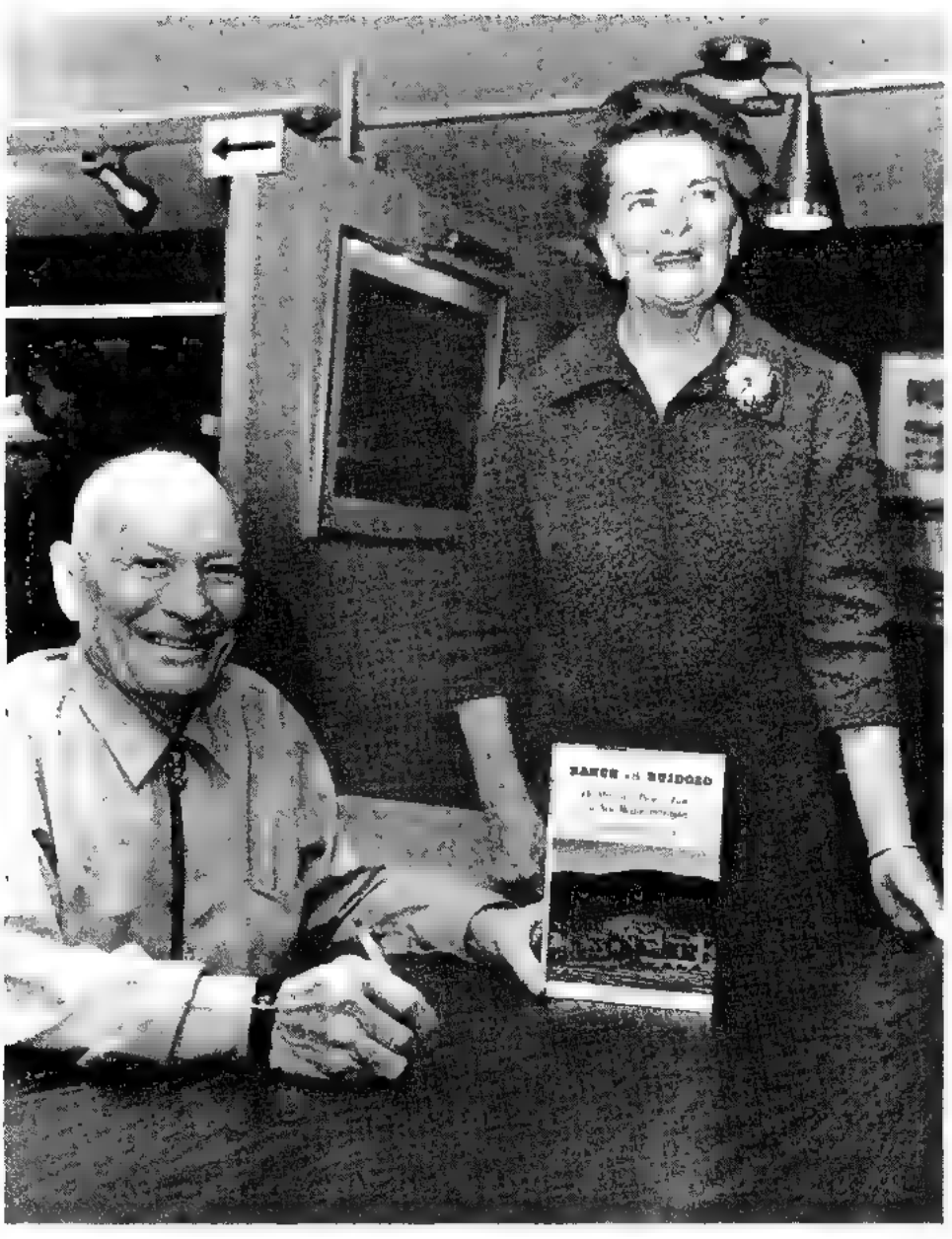
FRANK COE'S reminiscence in his later years threw some light on some of the friends of the Kid. A Texan named Harry Warren of Candelaria, Texas, sent him a response to an article he had read in the newspaper. On January 29, 1924 he wrote Frank Coe as follows: "I saw an article by you in the El Paso *Times* quite a while ago on Billy the Kid. I was very much interested in the article and cut it out of the newspaper. I was never an admirer of bad men, but I believe in being fair to them. Doubtless Billy the Kid, like Jesse James and many other so-called bad men, didn't do nor have a hand in things they were charged for. Doubtless the Kid got credit for a lot that other pistol toters of his time did.

"I am but a poor old school teacher away down here on the Rio Grande about 200 miles down the creek from El Paso. My age is about 64 years and 6 months, a widower with three children, the oldest not quite 13 years old. Came to Texas in '83. I'd certainly like to see you and talk to you about those old times. I'd certainly like to hear about the Lincoln County War. I'd love to get it down straight—how it started, some particulars of what was done . . . and how it was quelled. I expect you could tell about it. Why don't you put it together and have it published in some newspaper, a chapter every week, and afterwards have the pieces gone over and published in book form?

"Is there any real account or history of the Lincoln County War? If so give me the name of where I may obtain it. I am very fond of bona fide accounts but the lies that some of the novelists and

A Lions Club dinner, February 5, 1947. Left to right (seated) Bob Crosby, Wilbur Coe, Peter Hurd.





Wilbur Coe and wife, Louise, at an autograph party in October 1968, sponsored by the publisher of Wilbur's book.

magazine writers put in their imaginary accounts are truly sickening.

"Was there not a young boy-like fellow, very light hair and fair complexion that went by the name of Billy Wilson, that was with Billy the Kid?

"One of the kindest and most peaceful and liberal boys I ever knew was called Doc Anderson. This was in Kinney County, Texas, near Fort Clark when I got acquainted with him. Doc Anderson claimed then to be 26 or 27. He was the boss then over the Cross S Eleven League Ranch in Kinney County—loved by every man, even Mexicans, far and wide. He finally became sheriff down here at Sanderson on the S.P.R.R. Was killed about 1918 I think.

"Well, in 1886 a woman told me that his right name was Billy Wilson. I went at once and advised him to go see the woman and get her to close her mouth, which, it appears, he did. He did not deny his name was Billy Wilson and that when a boy of, say 16, he had run with a wild bunch. He was a fine fellow and while sheriff down here at Sanderson, Terrell County, Texas, was killed about five years ago by a bad man crazed with drink. Doc was unarmed. The killer was in a saloon, such as railroad men [patronize]. They then shot the killer to pieces right there. The murderer, who was in a crazed condition from his spree, was named Ballantyne from a well-known, good family down about Fort Clark, Kinney County, Texas.

"I thought maybe you could and would tell me something of this boy: whether his name was really Billy Wilson or what.

"I don't think he could have been over 16 or 18 when he was with Billy the Kid—or whoever he was with.

Write soon,
Respectfully,
H. Warren"

From San Patricio on February 12, 1924 Frank Coe sent the following reply to Mr. Warren: "Your letter of Jan. 29 at hand. I was glad to have a line from you in regard to the article I wrote. I have had a number of very nice letters from over the country and everyone asked me to go on with the story, so I think I shall try to get more articles and later have them published in booklets for my own family after I am gone. I am 74 years old now and about the last of the bunch.

"I wrote the article you speak of after I had read one that was published in the [El Paso] *Times*. The writer had his facts so terribly wrong that I felt that I couldn't let it pass. There are a good many writers that confuse the things of the war with the stealing that was done after the war. One article I remember said it had lasted for ten years, while it was really over in seven months.

"You describe Billy Wilson well and I could see him as plainly as if it was yesterday. I can't tell you how glad I am to know he had made good before he went on the long sleep. We all liked Billy Wilson. He was a brave warrior and a reliable friend. He came to us about the end of the war, after Garrett had become sheriff. This happened 2 years after the war, in '81.

"I remember one time when Billy Wilson, Billy the Kid, Tom Rudaba [*sic*] and Charley Bowdre were waylaid and captured by Garrett. Charley Bowdre, who was one-time capt. of our party had owned a farm on the Ruidoso at the start of the war. However, toward the end he withdrew from the ranks and started in for himself again. He traded his farm here for about 16 cows and calves and moved them up close to Ft. Sumner, where he filed on a spring to make him a ranch. It was in a pretty rolling country full of fine grass and fringed with timber, nice and cool and rather off the road, so Billy Wilson, the Kid, and Rudaba went by to see him and rest up a few days. While they were there, Garrett and 15 men slipped up after dark and surrounded the house. The next morning at sun up, Bowdre, not knowing they were waylaid, started out to feed his horses with the nosebags over his arm. He stepped out of the door and without warning was shot dead.

"Billy the Kid, Wilson and Rudaba held off the posse for two days and nights, but not having food nor water and no chance to get away, they surrendered. They were taken in an old government ambulance by way of Las Vegas to Santa Fe, where Wilson and Rudaba were put in jail. After about two or three weeks they broke out and got away. I never heard of either of them after that until your letter came.

"The Kid was taken on to Las Cruces where he was tried and sentenced to hang. They brought him back to Lincoln County and about ten days before his time was up he killed his two jailers, Bell and Ollinger, and escaped. Those young fellows like Wilson and the Kid were remarkable because they didn't drink and weren't afraid of the devil himself. Whenever they killed anyone, it was some bully with a bad bluff that

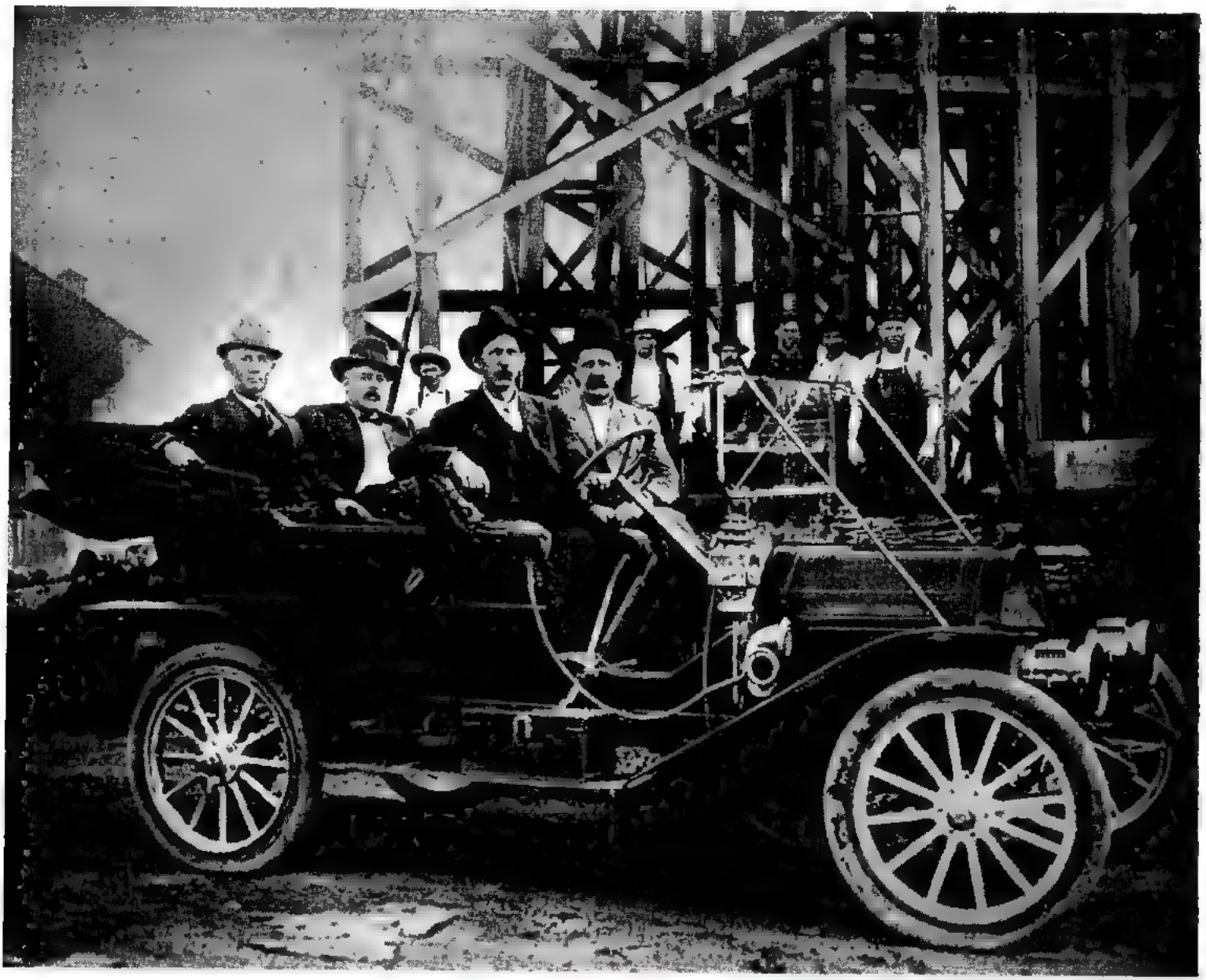
(Continued on page 62)

The discovery of what was to become the greatest zinc operation in the world occurred nine years before the generally accepted date. This is

HOW THE PICHER DISTRICT REALLY CAME TO BE

By DICK WILLS
as told by
J. F. (Jim) Robinson
Photos Courtesy Author

THERE was a time not so many years back when the country around Miami, Oklahoma depended on agriculture. The richer bottomland grew trainloads of corn. The prairies were mostly open natural hay meadows where blue stem



grass was like a great sea rolling in the wind. This blue stem was highly valued as stock feed.

In the early 1900s transportation depended largely on horses and railroads. In the more congested eastern states there were great concentrations of horses for moving local freight and people to and from the railroads, as well as for local distribution. The army maintained large horse herds for cavalry and supply transport. Just imagine the great quantities of feed needed. Ottawa County was well suited to help supply this.

In 1902 Miami, Quapaw, and Narcissa together shipped 2,800 railroad cars of corn and 3,600 cars of hay. This was big business for the newly-developed area, and practically everyone was directly or indirectly dependent on it.

Though there was some mining of lead and zinc in the hills and brakes of Spring River in the eastern part of the county (this was on the Abrams land, at Lincolnville and near Peoria), these localized patches of shallow ore failed to prove extensive. This was typical of much of the hill country of Missouri and Arkansas and did not excite continued interest though some of the little mines were quite profitable to the operators until exhausted.

MIAMI and Ottawa County were definitely not mining communities, but in 1905 unusual and unexpected events took place that were to dominate the economy of the area for more than half a century.

Bill Waddel, who farmed but also worked as helper on a rig drilling water wells, came to his distant relative, G. L. (George) Coleman, to report that zinc had been struck in the well they were drilling. George Coleman was agent for Wagon Scales, operated the city scales and also owned a water well drill rig that he used from time to time.

Bill Waddel said that in this well in a meadow four miles north of Miami, the cuttings from about 130 feet down showed rich zinc ore. The driller had paid no attention to this.

George Coleman immediately thought of promoting work for his drill rig. He went to the little insurance office of J. F. (Jim) Robinson to use the typewriter. These men were good friends. Coleman repeated what Waddel had told. He explained he wanted to write to some mining men he knew in Arkansas. He hoped to interest them and get some work for his drill rig. Neither Coleman nor Robinson knew mining or minerals except for Robinson's brief experience as a shoveler in the Joplin mines, but Robinson was a good observer and had listened to discussions by experienced miners regarding the nature of ore deposits.

It was characteristic of Robinson to visualize possibilities, make a judgment and pursue a plan with courage. Robinson's expression was, "If there is a mine out there, why give it to the men in Arkansas?"

The well on which Waddel was working was strictly for water; everything else

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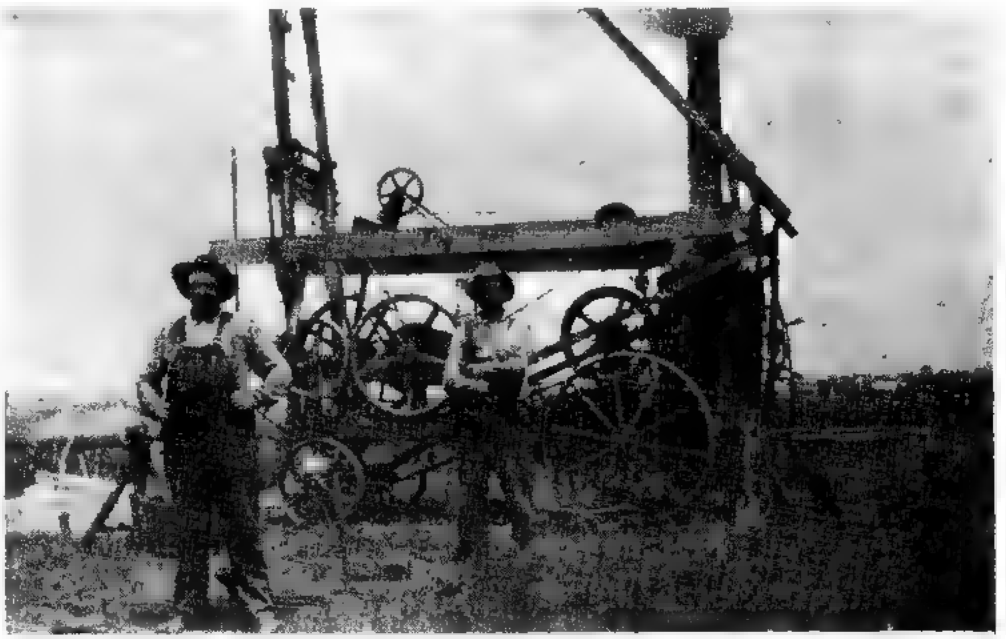
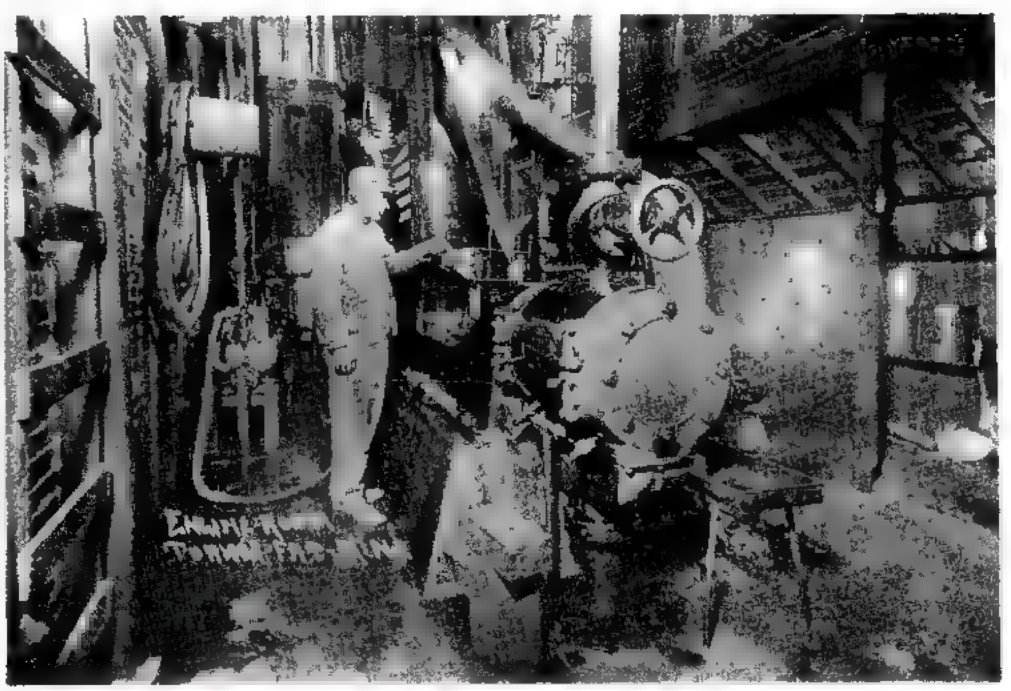
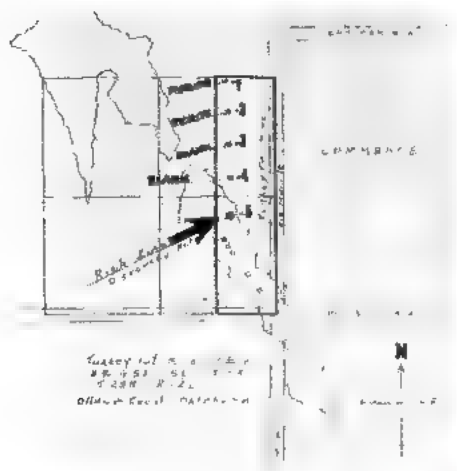


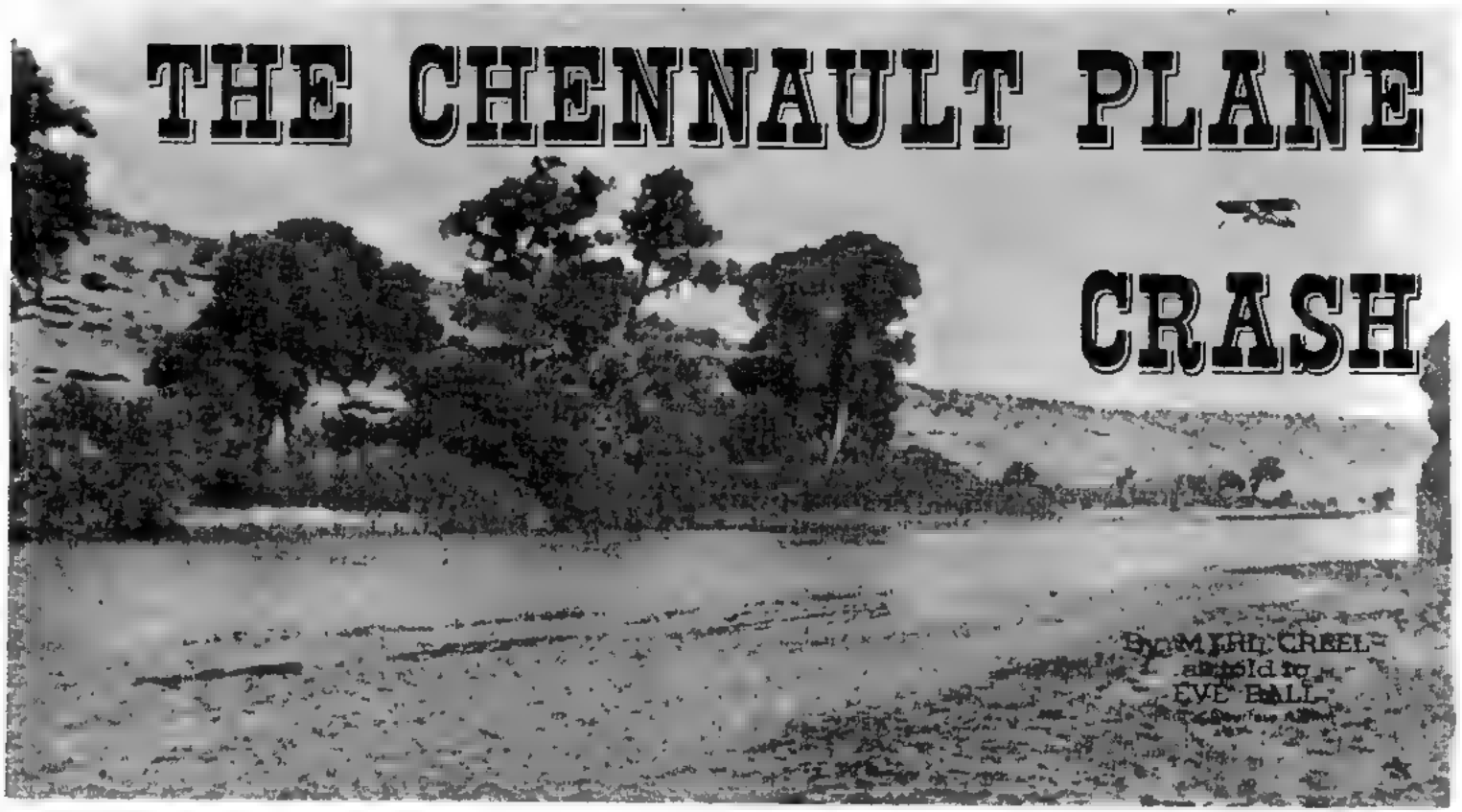
Above, the famous "Blue Goose" drill rig. Though not the rig that made the actual discovery, it is very similar. It was built by S. D. (Doc) Robinson, brother of Jim Robinson. This rig did discover many great mines, such as The Blue Goose, The Jay Bird, The Woodchuck, The John Beaver, and the Anna Beaver. Below, Bill Waddel ran the engines at the Turkey Fat Mine. He continued to run their machinery through the life of the company. Photo was made sometime between 1910-12.



At left, these are the men who discovered the famous Picher Oklahoma Lead and Zinc District in 1905. They were equal partners in the Commerce Mining and Royalty Company. At its peak the company was the largest zinc ore producer in the world. The auto is an E.M.F., an early version of Studebaker. It belonged to George Coleman. Men are identified (from left) as: C. M. Harvey, Sr.; J. F. Robinson; G. L. Coleman; and Al Coleman. Below, map shows the several drilling locations tried before the first rich discovery.



THE CHENNAULT PLANE CRASH



Courtesy Arizona Historical Society Library

Above, the Gila River. Below, a cougar killed close to the home of Myrl Creel on September 18, 1918. Courtesy George DeSpain

THE annual reunion of the Flying Tigers of General Claire Chennault's division will probably be observed in Albuquerque in July of 1974. News media have reported that Chicago is also being considered but most likely the meeting will be held in New Mexico.

This announcement recalls the crash of Lieutenant Chennault's plane on the Flying V Mesa, in the wilds of New Mexico fifty years ago last July. This landing place adjoined the ranch owned by Myrl Creel, a young rancher at that time, who is probably the only person now living who witnessed the crash.

"Even today," says Mr. Creel, "that spot north of the confluence of the three branches of the Gila is remote and seldom visited by tourists. When my wife and I went there in 1916 it was much more so. We were very young, and I was tubercular. When we were married in Missouri neither of us weighed a hundred pounds. As we had hoped, the pure dry air, the good water, and the out-of-door life proved beneficial. My wife, who was from the city, had never before experienced the hardships and privations of primitive living, but she adjusted to it marvelously. It wasn't long before she rode superbly, and she loved working cattle with me.

"We were fifty miles from Mogollon, then an active mining camp. It was there that we went—over a road that was hardly more than a trail—for both mail and supplies. In the fall we laid in a quantity of necessities for the winter; and if the weather was severe, as it often was, there were times we did not leave the ranch for three or four months.

"It was a real event when a plane occasionally flew over the ranch and buzzed us. Sometimes there were two, De Havilland WWI planes with room for only one person besides the pilot. When the occupants began throwing papers to us we were delighted, and our two small children looked eagerly for the comic section. One day in early spring two planes landed on the mesa, and we were as excited as people of today would be at the arrival of an U.F.O. Four airmen, Captain Bender, Lieutenant Claire Lee Chennault, and Sergeants Pearce and Johnson alighted and came to our house, and we welcomed them cordially.

"They had come for game and were well equipped both for fishing and hunting. So far as I could see, they lacked for nothing but dogs. We had some very fine hounds, and I gave them two pups. Each of the officers got a deer, and that was just the first of many visits. The planes were small, just large enough for the pilot and the junior one in training. Getting a third person into one was impossible, though they did manage to squeeze the dogs in.

"ALL four men loved fishing and had expensive rods and reels. My children, with willow poles and cheap hooks baited with grasshoppers, could always go down the canyon and return with enough trout for an ample meal for as many as we had to feed; so it was funny to see the aviators fish the stream with mediocre success while the two small children returned with a long string of trout.

"These men were stationed at Fort Bliss but were not, as was reported years later, flying a mail route. They came solely for their pleasure in fishing and hunting. Then, too, they seemed to like to

Courtesy George DeSpain

Cabin built by the Jenks Brothers at the mouth of White Creek, on the West Fork of the Gila River.

Courtesy Arizona Historical Society Library

Above, the Yorkes Ranch on the Gila. Below, the Swinging Cross Ranch, also near the Gila. It was bought by Myrl Creel about 1919.

Courtesy George DeSpain, Silver City, New Mexico

Below, the Tripp & Underwood Ranch.

Courtesy Arizona Historical Society Library

A man who would become a legend in precision flying dipped his wings a little too low over Gila Canyon in New Mexico a long time ago

get away from civilization and into the primitive and unspoiled wilderness regions. They obviously understood our preference for living as we did, and were delightful guests. If there are those who cannot understand the charm of a life where one seldom sees his fellows—except for his employes and an occasional guest—it may be because he has never known the beauty and peace of ranch life.

"We had built a spacious log house with fieldstone fireplaces, and furnished it with household equipment to make my wife's work as easy as the times afforded. In addition, we had Navajo blankets, tanned bear and lion skins, and the beautiful primitive pottery of the Indians. For added convenience I bought a house in Mogollon so that when we made a trip for supplies we had comfortable living conditions there, also. Before the birth of our daughter, I had urged my wife to go there for the delivery, but she preferred remaining on the ranch with my sister, a registered nurse, as attendant. When the baby was six weeks old, we took her to Mogollon, fifty miles, horseback.

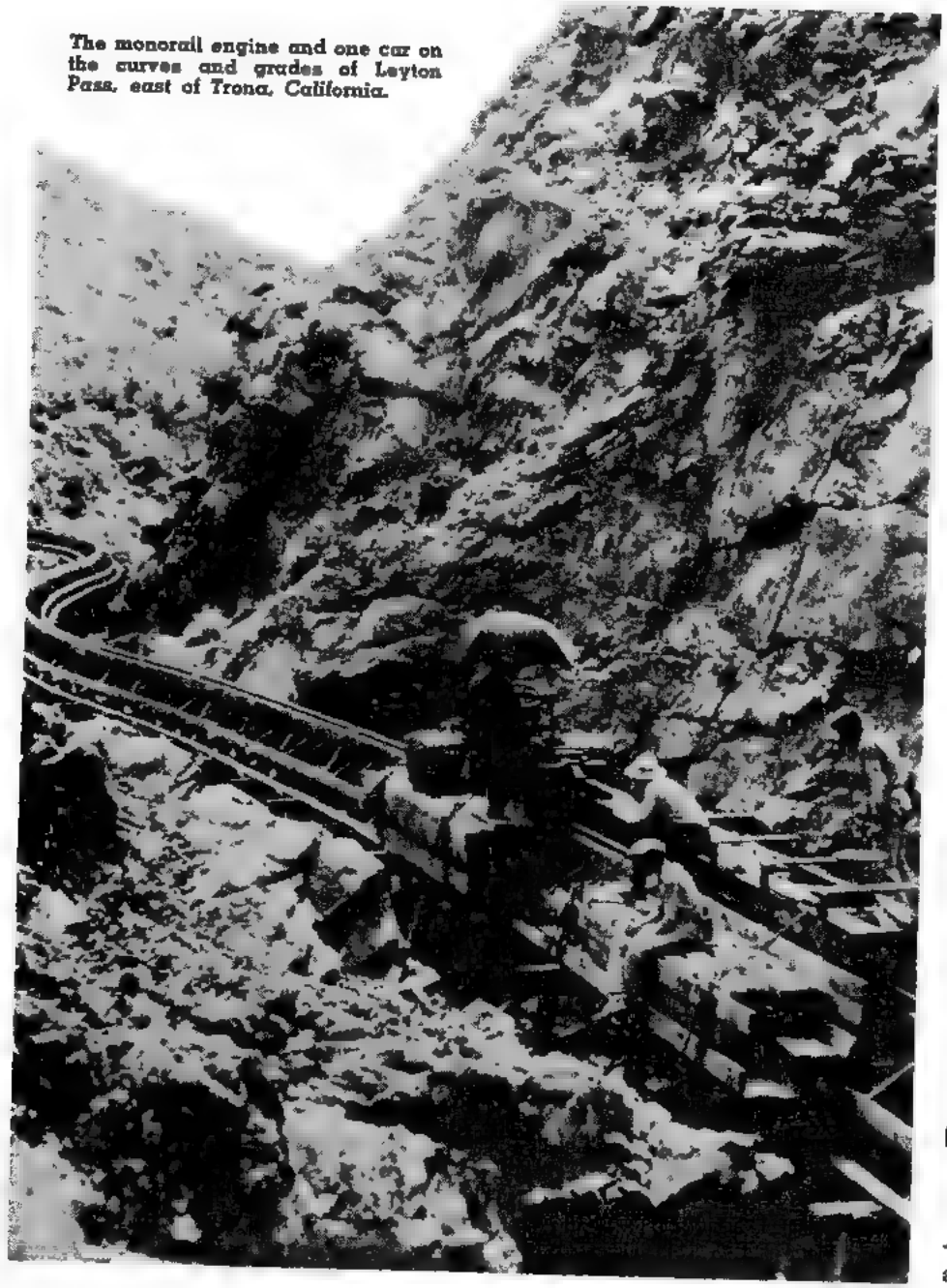
"I recall that once after midnight there came a 'Hello!' and twelve men alighted at our door. We did not have enough beds for all and had to improvise some on the floors with blankets. After Mrs. Creel had provided sleeping places, she cooked a large meal. We always had an abundance of beef and the standard foods of the time—*frijoles*, potatoes, beef, sometimes fish, coffee, and what canned foods were available. We could get peaches, tomatoes, corn and several dried fruits, including apples. Almost

(Continued on page 58)

EPSOM SALTS RAIL-ROAD

By O. N. (Doc) COLE
Photos Courtesy Author

A lot of things just ain't worth it—this project was one of them!



The monorail engine and one car on the curves and grades of Leyton Pass, east of Trona, California.

Loading station at the mine site. Even today there are rotted burlap bags of products stacked here.

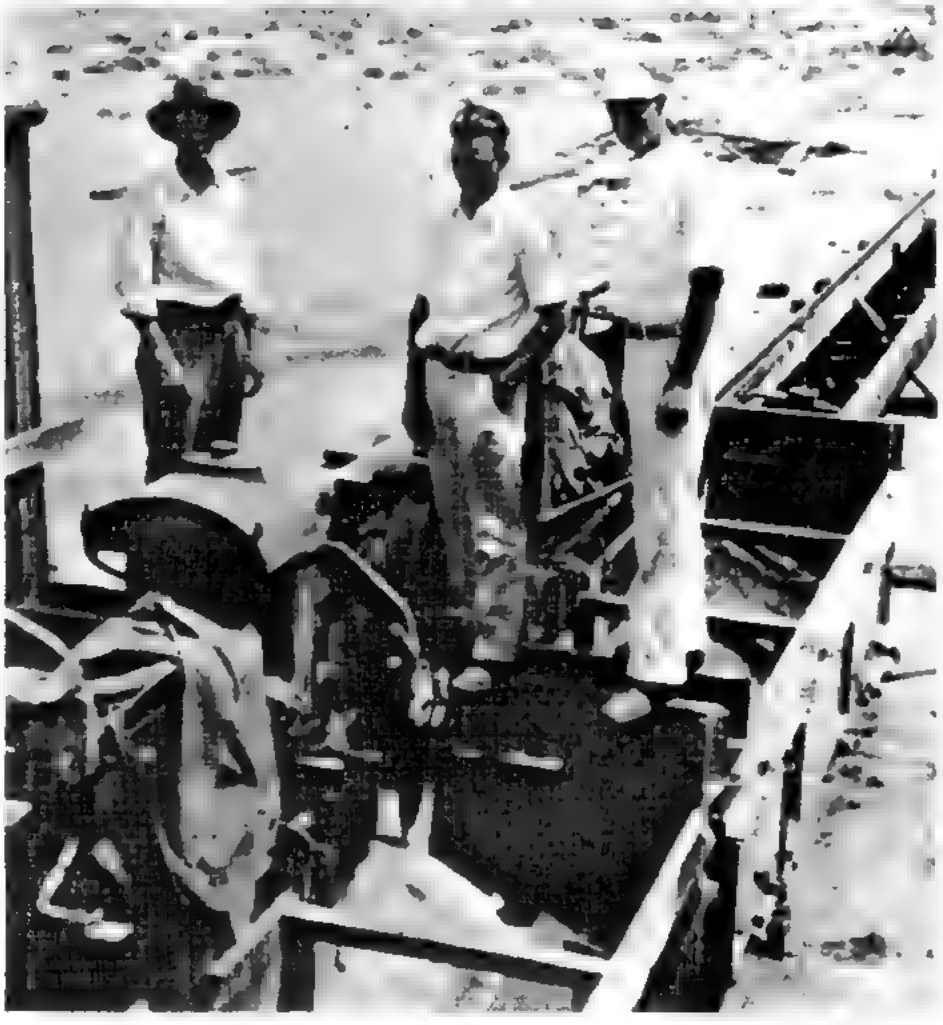
A MOUNTAIN of the mineral epsomite (epsom salts) waiting to be claimed and mined—at the end of World War I, a Los Angeles florist, Thomas Wright, discovered such a deposit west of the Owlshead Mountains of Inyo County,

California, not too far from the then existing road between Barstow and Ballarat.

After preliminary investigations proved favorable, Wright began construction of a mining camp at the site of the deposit. Building supplies had to be hauled by truck over desert roads from the railhead at Johannesburg, a round trip of some 120 miles, and with the trucks of the 1920s not a trip to be taken lightly. In fact it soon became painfully evident that a more practical route was a must if mining was to be done on a paying basis.

After considerable study it was agreed that hauling from the Trona Railway, across Searles Lake, over Layton Pass, across the Panamint Valley, and over Wingate Pass, was perhaps the best, and certainly the shortest, route being only twenty-eight miles total. Then the question arose as to what type vehicle could negotiate this route, due to the crooks, turns, and grades. Finally it was decided that a monorail railroad would be the answer to the problem.

A number of factors influenced this decision, among them being the fact that a monorail would require only half the rails normally needed; the rolling stock would be lighter and cheaper than conventional railroad rolling stock; and less time would be involved in construction.



Above, the monorail at Magnesium Siding south of Trona, about 1926. Below, the monorail right-of-way east of Wingate Pass, as it appears today.

BASICALLY the track was to consist of a series of wooden "A" frames, with cross-beams extending beyond the "A"s so a wooden side rail could be nailed to the extensions. Cars for the monorail were to have metal side rollers which would press against the wooden rail to prevent sway when in motion and/or to prevent tipping if the cars were unevenly loaded. The steel, weight-bearing rails were to be nailed to the apex of the "A" frames.

When actual work began on the monorail, the Trona railroad built a track at Magnesium Siding, about two miles south of Westend. Construction of the monorail from Magnesium Siding (Trona Railway) to Epsom City (mine site) was completed in 1924, and the line was ready for business.

Motive power was provided by Fordson tractor-powered locomotives, with chain drives to both drive wheels resting on the steel running rail. Unfortunately, these locomotives were to prove to be overweight and underpowered.

Cars for the monorail followed the same basic design as the engines, differing only in that they could carry a greater quantity of cargo. The engines had a cargo capacity of about two tons while the cars could carry around four.

The cargo capacity of engine and cars sounded good on paper, but when one considers that *one* engine and *one* car made up the usual train, it becomes plain that transportation facilities were still weak. However, considering that in Layton Pass some grades were 8%, while in Wingate some were 12%, perhaps these old "trains" didn't do too bad.

During 1924-1925 mining operations were on a regular basis and regular shipments were made via the monorail.

However, troubles were piling up which would lead to closing of operations. Among these problems was the fact that the epsomite being shipped out on the monorail was at times half sand (a very expensive shipment). Another was that the company's processing plant could not operate continually. Another, authorities were taking a dim view of the debris piling up around the Wilmington plant. After 1925 mining and plant operation became slower and slower; in 1926 it ceased entirely.

The Epsom Salts Railroad, mine and plant were offered for sale in 1928 to satisfy creditors, but no buyers appeared. So ended another saga of the desert.

Today, in places, the twisted, warped, timbers of the "A" frames stand like the backbone of some prehistoric monster, marching across the sand to nowhere. One wonders that any have survived the body blows that Nature delivered to the monorail—cloudbursts in the mountains, the buckling of timbers when dried by the desert sun, the attempts at using heavier locomotives only to have "A" frames break through the lake crust and sink into the lake. Suffice to say, the misadventures of the American Magnesium Company are really not the thing most businessmen would care to go through, and it's merciful that in the case of the Epsom Salts Railroad, death came quickly.

LUTE AND GRANNY JACKSON

OLD-TIME INVINCIBLES

They knew (or were kin to) folks riding the side man would have covered. But the Jacksons had a or white, and they

By LUCIAN B. JACKSON

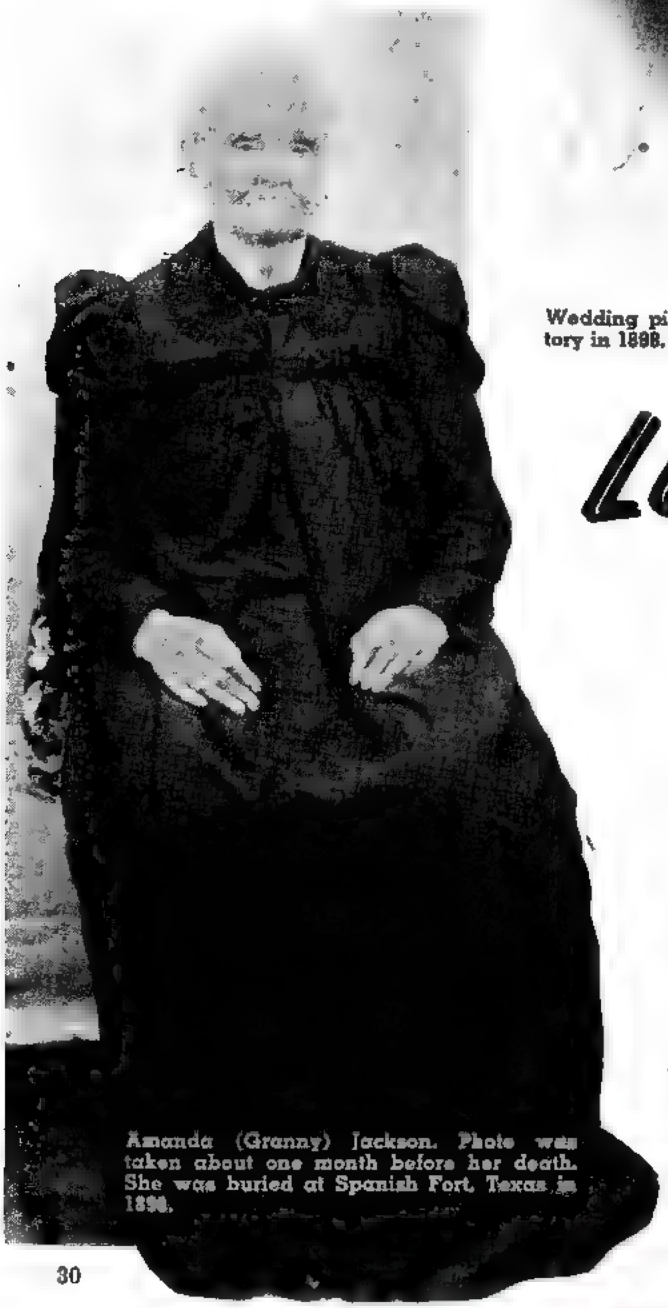
Photos Courtesy Author

Author's Note: Frank Jackson was my father's cousin and was with Sam Bass when he died after the attempted bank holdup at Round Rock, Texas. Frank traded my father Lute the Denton mare soon after that happened. This mare was a Thoroughbred that Bass bought from Colonel H. A. Wortham in Kentucky. The mare became the nucleus of my father's stable of horses. He raised several colts from this old mare which he called Lou. Here's a little about Frank's family and mine.

LUCIAN B. JACKSON was born in 1857 in the small settlement of Genoa, Arkansas and moved to Montague County, Texas with his family in 1863. His parents, William and Amanda, had five daughters and three sons when they settled near the small community of Illinois Bend just south of Red River from the Choctaw-Chickasaw Nation in Indian Territory.

Five years later William Jackson de-

Wedding picture of Lute B. Jackson and Louise Hargis, taken at Ardmore, Indian Territory in 1898. Lute was forty years old, and Louise twenty.



Amanda (Granny) Jackson. Photo was taken about one month before her death. She was buried at Spanish Fort, Texas in 1898.

cided to return to Mississippi to retrieve the rest of his belongings. He was highjacked or waylaid and killed near a small town now known as Idabell, Oklahoma. Jackson was found dead lying in the bed of his abandoned wagon, and it was assumed that he was killed and robbed by small-time outlaws or thieves. They took his horses and supplies, as well as about forty dollars in gold coins, which was considered a large sum in those days.

Shortly after his death, Jackson's homestead was raided by Indians and his hay and barns were burned and the livestock driven off. Since the Indians were only interested in horses and cattle, they circled the house a few times and shot a few arrows into the log walls, then rode north across the river.

Young Lucian Jackson, who was called Lute by his family, recalled that the older children pulled arrows out of the logs and kept them for many years after the raid. This small band was believed to be a group who had slipped away from the Indian encampment at Medicine Park, Indian Territory, a camp which was under the supervision of soldiers from Fort Sill.

A company of soldiers, bivouacked at Village Creek close to Illinois Bend, was supposed to be patrolling the border along Red River to prevent the Indians from making more raids in the area. One Sunday while playing baseball the soldiers themselves were attacked by this same band of Indians.

Lute Jackson and his two older brothers, Bud and Green, witnessed the attack while hidden up in a large pecan tree nearby. Again the Indians were only interested in stealing horses so they put up very little fight against the muzzleloading rifles of the soldiers. Four Indians were killed while driving the horses off; and one white man, who was foolish enough to run out and try to stop them from stealing his horse, was killed by the escaping renegades.

Three of the dead Indians disappeared that night, but one very naked Comanche was left out in the open where the soldiers had played ball the day before. Lute and his brothers had a very good business going for several days after that raid. They would guide the curious city people from Gainesville, Texas and Saint Jo, Texas out to see this dead Indian. The boys would collect twenty-five cents for each surrey or carriage and if women were present, one boy would ride ahead and cover the face-up Indian with his hat. Their business flourished for several days until the buzzards finally put them out of work.

THOUGH the above mentioned events happened in 1868, an ironic and interesting sidelight took place many years later in a town now named Comanche, Oklahoma and should be told here. Lute Jackson and his nephew Billy Weems (both about the same age) were in Comanche to see the Indian powwow and horse races, held every year for a period of several weeks. Many different tribes would come to race their horses, dance and take part in Indian games and, of course, the main event, which was the great Buffalo Kill and Feast. Lute and Billy were good riders and had been asked to come to the powwow and ride a few races.

The Indians all seemed to like Jackson and his nephew because they were good horsemen, and they were often invited to eat in the camp of some Indian family. On the night of the big Buffalo Feast old chiefs of the many tribes represented would gather and narrate tales of their past—deeds each had performed in his earlier years. Lute and Bill would sit around these old chiefs and listen to the tales, many obviously exaggerated. Occasionally a young Indian listener would translate the stories for Lute or Bill. It was during one old man's long, drawn-out story that Lute suddenly became

Far left, Lute's older brother, Green. Born in 1848, died in 1879. Center photo. Green and Bud Jackson. The latter was mistakenly killed by a U. S. Marshal in 1884 while crossing Red River into the Territory from Spanish Fort, Texas. On right, Lute B. Jackson on a favorite horse called Traveler, about 1877.

trails, and they lived in a time that no insurance sales-secret advantage — they'd never been scared of Indian didn't intend to begin!

Above, the handgun used by Frank Jackson is still in the possession of the family. It is reported to be identical to the gun used by John Wesley Hardin, except that it was made a few years earlier than Hardin's. Above right, a news clipping photo of Lute Jackson.

aware of incidents that he himself had witnessed as a small boy.

The next day Lute went over to the old Indian's camp and asked a lot of questions about the raids the old man had bragged about the night before. This old chief was known by his tribesmen as Yellow Feather and claimed to be the son of Yellow Hand, a Sioux who took part in the Custer Massacre. He really became excited when Lute told him that he had witnessed two of these raids that the old Indian had led many years back. Yellow Feather then insisted on making Jackson his adopted tribal son to repay some of the damage he had helped inflict on the Jackson family. The old man even helped Lute make a claim against the Indian Nation for damages and losses. The claim was finally paid in 1906 to the remaining children of William and Amanda, and I still have the receipts for those old claims.

EARLY in 1869 after suffering such a great loss from the Indian raid, Amanda (Granny) Jackson moved her family up across Red River into the Indian Territory, not far from the little settlement of Cornish which is now a part of the town of Ringling.

Granny Jackson was a small wiry little woman, gifted with an abundance of natural wit. She usually puttered about wearing an old, homemade stave bonnet and constantly smoked an old corncob pipe. She was very energetic and kept busy as long as there was light to work by. In warm weather Granny would go about her work barefooted and was known to use the Sailor's English rather loosely when irritated or upset.

Amanda Jackson was raised on a plantation in Mississippi where Thoroughbred horses were synonymous with a person's social standing, and she was considered an expert in her judgment of horseflesh.

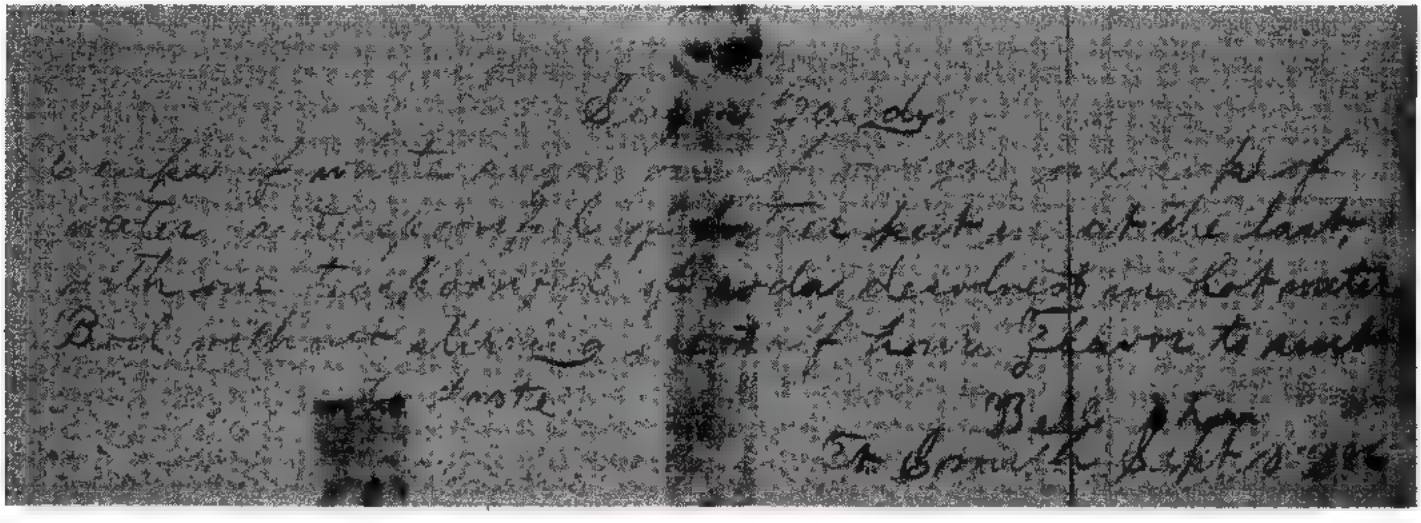
On one particular occasion, Lute and Billy were on their way home from Gainesville, Texas and had stopped at Illinois Bend to water their horses and cool out awhile. They were watching the horses drink from an old hollowed-log water trough when they looked up and saw a cloud of dust coming down the street. Emerging from this dust cloud was a tall, thin man riding on a big sorrel.

When the fast-traveling gentleman pulled up by the boys they could see that the horse had been ridden as far as he could go. The man dismounted and hurried over to Lute, saying quickly, "Lute, I'm in a hurry and I have to have a fresh horse!" He then handed Lute two twenty-dollar gold pieces and a ten.

As the rider mounted the fresh horse he explained that marshals were after him from up the river. He was already riding off when he yelled back, "Take care of Dan!"

Bill Weems was confused because he had heard the man address Lute familiarly, so he asked Lute who that damn fool was who would give fifty dollars for a horse worth only twenty-five. Lute Jackson had recognized the man immediately, because he had ridden a race for him and the man's brother several years before. When Lute said that the rider

One of the Jackson family's prized mementoes is a candy recipe given to Granny Jackson by Belle Starr.



was the famous Jesse James, young Billy became very excited.

The boys started to work on the apparently dying horse right away. Billy would walk him and Lute would wipe and rub him with wet sacks; this went on for about an hour. Finally the boys led the trembling animal over to the livery stable where Lute could rent a horse to ride home on. The owner of the stable was an old friend of Lute and while he was saddling up a fresh horse he pointed out the fact that Lute should have no trouble in legally claiming the saddle of Jesse James because it had the letter J stamped in leather on the back of the seat.

Readers of this article may be interested in the item below which was printed in the February 1928 issue of Hunter's Frontier Times.

Where Is Frank Jackson?

During the past year there have been persistent rumors that Frank Jackson, member of the Sam Bass Gang, wants to return to Texas and attempt to clear himself of the charges against him for crimes committed fifty years ago. That he is still in the land of living and going under an assumed name, we have no doubt, but where is he? In June 1927, *Frontier Times* received a letter which we believed was written by Frank Jackson. The postmark on the envelope which chambered this letter had been deftly obliterated, but it shows to have been mailed at some point in Mississippi, and we here publish the letter just as it was written:

June 16, 1927

Dear Sir: I read in your *Frontier Times* about Sam Bass. I knew Sam Bass better than anybody else and I am coming back to Texas soon to try to clear myself of all charges. I am now an old man, 78 years old. I have lived right here and have raised a big family, all well respected.

Yours truly,
F. JACKSON

This is not my name here.

If the writer of that letter is really and truly Frank Jackson of the Sam Bass Gang we hope he will write again. We would like to get in direct touch with him. We have recently come into possession of some photographs purporting to be Sam Bass, Sebe Barnes, Jim Murphy and Frank Jackson. We believe they are genuine, but before printing these photos in *Frontier Times* we would like to verify them, and Frank Jackson can help us establish their identity. The crimes with which the Bass Gang are charged were committed a half century ago, and we doubt if the sole survivor of the gang, Frank Jackson, can be convicted for his complicity, as he was just a mere boy at this time.

Lute gave the livery man two dollars and told him to drag James' horse off if he died; he also promised that he would return the livery horse in a few days.

About two weeks later Lute had to ride over to Saint Jo, Texas so he decided to take the rented horse back to the livery stable. As he rode by the corral close to the barns, he noticed a fine looking, light colored sorrel trotting around the fence. When Lute learned that this was the animal that Jesse James had traded him, he was a surprised man indeed, for it was obvious that this horse was surely a fine bred animal.

Looking the big sorrel over, he found the letters D A N branded on the left shoulder, therefore identifying him as the "Dan" referred to by James as he was riding off. The stable owner had taken such good care of the sorrel that Lute gave him one of the gold pieces which the famous outlaw had left in the exchange.

Lute Jackson rode old Dan for many years, and when the old horse died in 1912 he was estimated to be about thirty-three years old.

Back when Lute had been a small boy, he would ride races for several men living in the Territory, many of whom were wanted by the so-called marshals of Judge Isaac Parker in Fort Smith, Arkansas. Lute later claimed that some of these wanted men were good, honest people who were simply victims of circumstance stemming from their losses during the Civil War and the defeat of the Confederacy.

Frank and Jesse James, the Daltons and Doolins, as well as many other wanted men, frequented the area during the early days of Jackson's life in the Indian Nation.

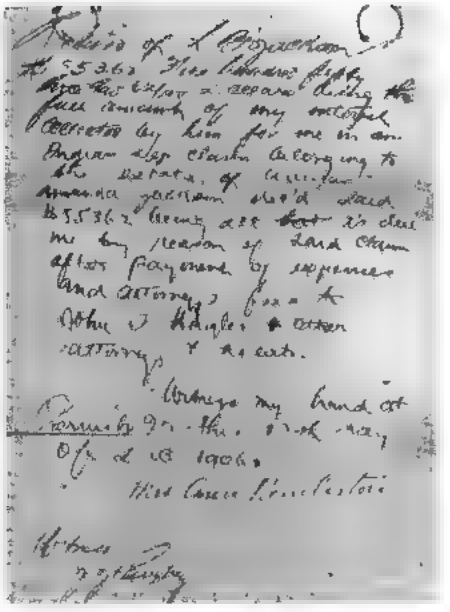
Frank Jackson, Lute's cousin, was a carefree cowboy who often rode with some of these men. Frank was with Sam Bass when the latter was killed in the unsuccessful bank robbery at Round Rock, and gave his lieutenant a crude bill of sale and the registration paper for the famous Denton mare that Bass had run for several years. A short while later Frank traded the little mare to Lute for a fresh getaway horse.

It was believed that Frank took part in the Lincoln County War in New Mexico for a short while, then moved up to Wyoming and became a very well respected rancher near Laramie.

IN 1885 Lute and his mother acquired some land just east of where Ringling, Oklahoma is now located. The Territory was all open unfenced country and was used by the early settlers in grazing what few cattle and horses they might own.

A few years earlier a man named Bill Washington had moved into the Territory with a few hardcase cowboys and had begun to force the squatters and settlers out of this part of the Territory. Washington claimed that he had leased all of the southern part of the Territory for over one hundred miles up and down Red River.

It was learned later that the Indian Agency knew nothing of a lease being granted to Bill Washington, but this man



A receipt signed by Ann Jackson Pemberton for the settlement Lute made for the family with the U.S. Indian Department. The claim was for horses and cattle stolen, as well as for hay and barns burned by raiding Indians from the Indian Territory.

used and controlled the area for many years. Lute knew that he would have to fight Washington to hold onto his property or else be the constant target of one of his gunmen, so he agreed to work for Washington in order to keep what he and Granny already owned.

Lute Jackson took no part in Washington's nefarious practices but he did work as his wagon boss for several years. This would-be cattle baron ruled the area with force and guns from 1880 to 1909 when he was finally ordered out of the Territory by U. S. Marshals from Fort Smith, Arkansas.

It was during this period that a sheep raiser from San Angelo, Texas had moved up to the Red with the expectation of moving his sheep across the river onto the free grazing land. Since there were no sheep in the Indian Territory at all, the man was warned not to cross the river with his woollies.

Lute Jackson and his cowboys had been away for several days on a roundup and when they returned Lute was both surprised and mad when he saw sheep grazing all over his little section of grass. When he got home he found that his anger was mild compared to Granny's, who was walking the floor and using the Sailor's English at every turn.

Her anger, however, was not about the sheep but about the Mexican sheepherder who had stolen the fence posts that she had saved to fence her garden. The Mexican had taken the posts to roof a dugout where he planned on living, but the poor fellow was not to reside long in his new home.

A MEETING was held the next day and the cowboys all agreed that the sheep must be driven back across the river immediately. That night about forty of these cattle chasers rode up on about six

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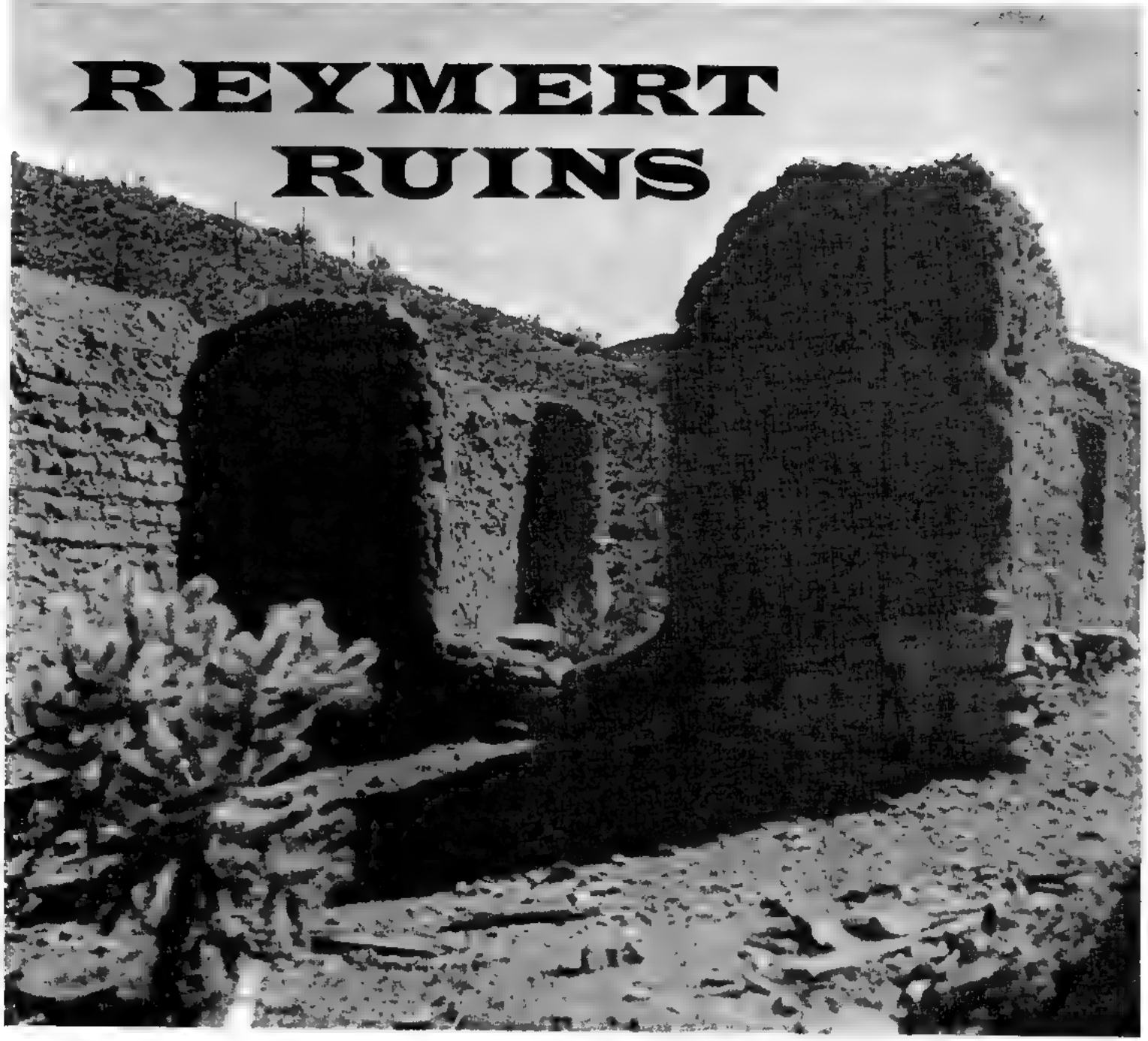
REYMERT RUINS



Walls of the adobe assay office still show scars of spent bullets. A pack of javelinas were discovered resting in the shade of the ruins.

The old mining camp is now just a watering place for wild animals and ranchers' stock

By RALPH A. FISHER, SR.
Photos Courtesy Author

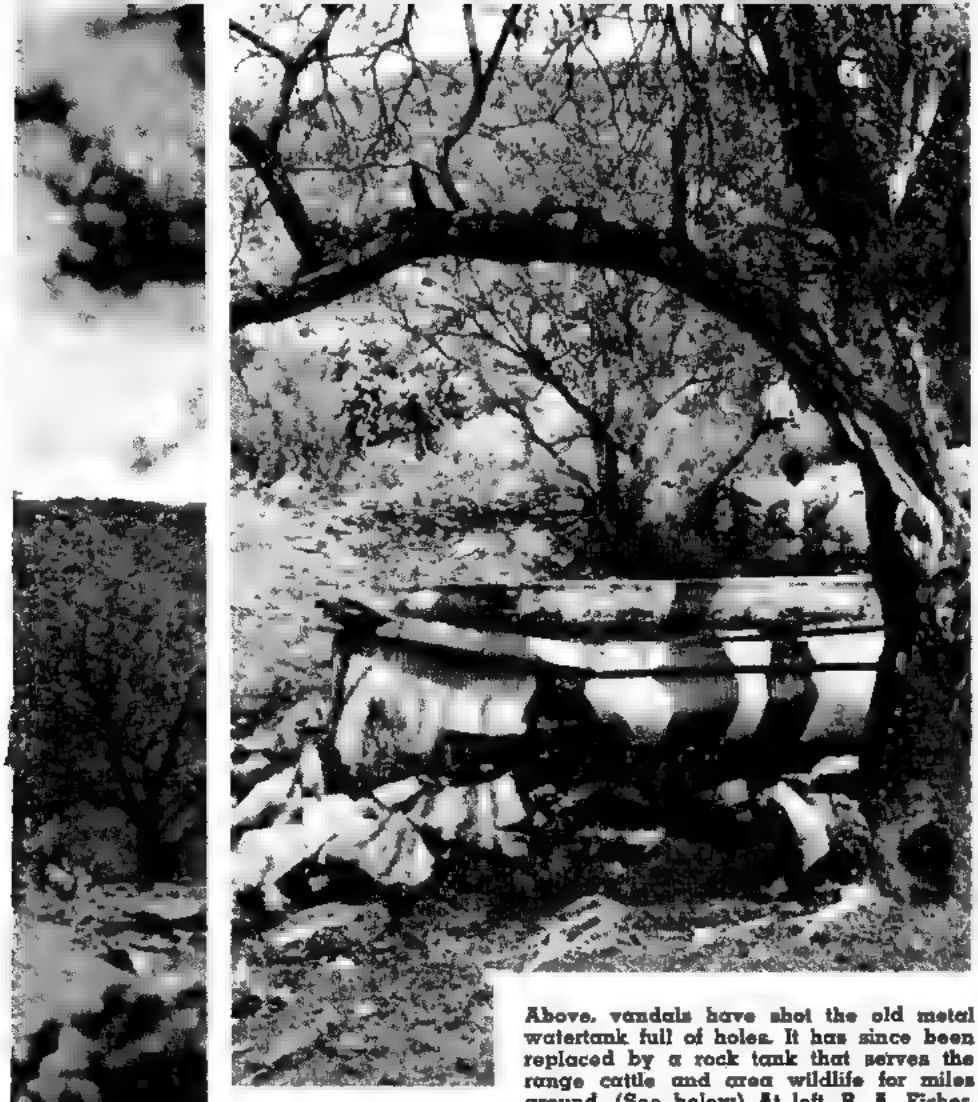
SLOW PROGRESS took me around another sharp bend along a trail of glittering sand and rocks that long ago enticed early prospectors into these same hills, canyons and mountains. My pounding heart did a full flip-over; my pulse quickened; my imagination ran riot.

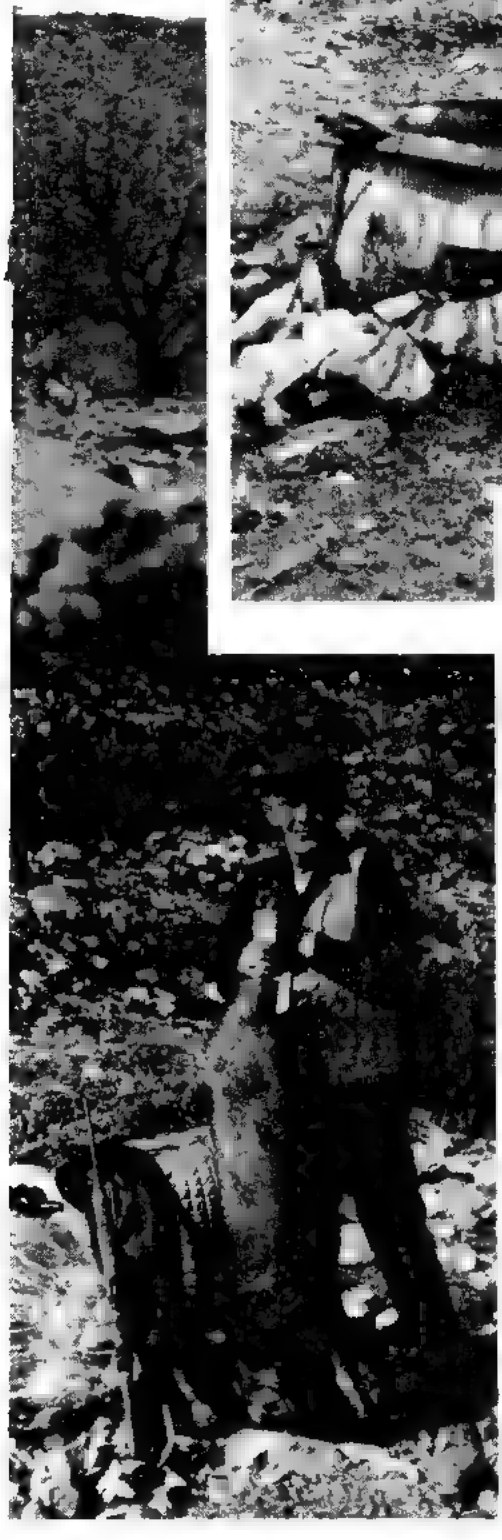
I stood just to marvel at the aged stone walls before me and to feel the power the old ruins seemed to possess, so completely removed were they from the troubled world of today. It was early morning with the shadows falling long upon the still desert—still except for a jackrabbit that was crossing the sandy wash just ahead of a fast-stepping coyote.

This silent place was just off Route 60-70 some five miles east of Florence Junction in Arizona. To the north lay the famous Superstition Mountains, that rugged pile of rock concealing the "Dutchman's Mine."

As the brave jackrabbit crossed the wash and entered the protective desert ahead, I left the trail by the old rusted water tank (complete with bullet holes) to sit in the shade of a mesquite and ponder the peaceful scene. Here in this remote canyon were ruins unlike those of our Pueblo Grande or Tonto National Shrine.

These ruins, though not of Indian design or origin, do have some Indian history dating back to the days when the Apache watched and stalked the pioneer and prospector. The Apache watched as the white man packed in the material that made Reymert possible; watched the

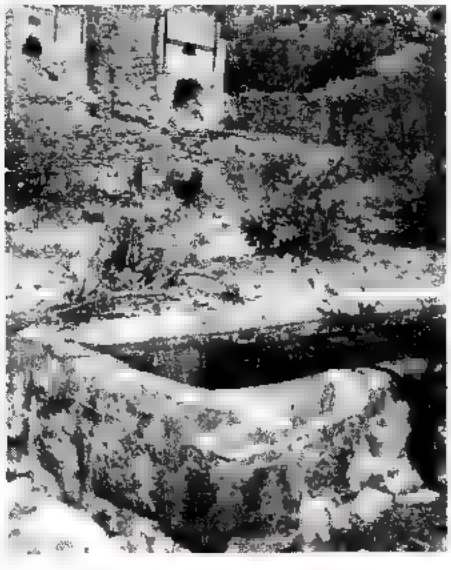




Above, vandals have shot the old metal watertank full of holes. It has since been replaced by a rock tank that serves the range cattle and area wildlife for miles around. (See below) At left, R. A. Fisher, Sr., 73, of Phoenix, Arizona, poses with a boar javelina killed near Slate Creek in 1973.

construction of the first buildings of a military outpost there, an adjunct of the fort at Picket Post, shortly after the Civil War.

After serving a useful, but short, life the outpost was abandoned; and then came the prospector and pioneer in quest of silver, gold and copper—men who frequently were rewarded only with death.



IN 1894 the old outpost was rebuilt and became a desert colony complete with huge smelter, assay office, homes, guard outpost, corrals and even a post office, opened in June with Tom Carson as the postmaster. Five thousand people populated Reymert Canyon.

The little town became known as Reymert because pioneer J. D. Reymert dared the desert and Apache to start the Reymert Mine, a name still carried by the present-day mining interests. Old records list J. D. as a newspaperman, lawyer and pioneer; in 1881, in the cowtown of Pinal he published the Pinal *Drill*.

Twenty years ago when I first looked at the ruins—the smelter, assay office and old mills—one old-time rancher whom I interviewed within the shadows of the famous Superstition Mountain, Tex Barclay, recalled Vic Lamb, the Aaron Masons, Bob Williams, and Charlie Nathan of the old Silver Mine, as being in the same general area as Reymert and Picketpost, with the Boyce Thompson Arboretum now sitting on the old townsite of Pinal.

I learned much about the old ruins from Phil Ruiz, a former Reymert smelterer. Until 1912 the ruins were in territorial lands, long forgotten and sleeping the long sleep in the wilderness area of Pinal County, and in the former Crook National Forest of Arizona. I stumbled upon the ghost town by accident while javelina hunting in March 1949. On Sunday, March 19, 1950, the *Arizona Republic* featured a short travel article of mine titled "Reymert Canyon Ruins Offer Fresh Interest To Those Seeking Scenic Sunday Outing." That did it. The tourists' attention was attracted; the ghost town became alive once more, and is still drawing them in.

Stamped fire-bricks made in California by the Pacific Brick Company were shipped into Tucson, then freighted into Pinal, then burro-packed over the mountains into Reymert. I dug about the crumbling innards of the long cold ovens and located enough broken pieces of molded crucibles to later assemble a whole one. There is evidence on the highly glazed exterior of being subjected to extreme heat.

Indians and often outlaws ambushed the stagecoaches that hit the long and rugged trails from Yuma to Ray and over the hills to the stage station at Reymert. More than one rich shipment of gold was lost to these hard-hitting raiders.

High on a bluff the old adobe walls of the warehouse and combination fort still bear bullet scars. Far across the beautiful canyon, on a cacti-studded hill, another decaying adobe-and-rock wall shows evidence of another smaller fort or lookout, and nearby stand ruins of homes and storehouses. In one, a family of our little desert ghost, the peccary, had set up housekeeping; in another, packrats, chuckawallas and swallows held forth.

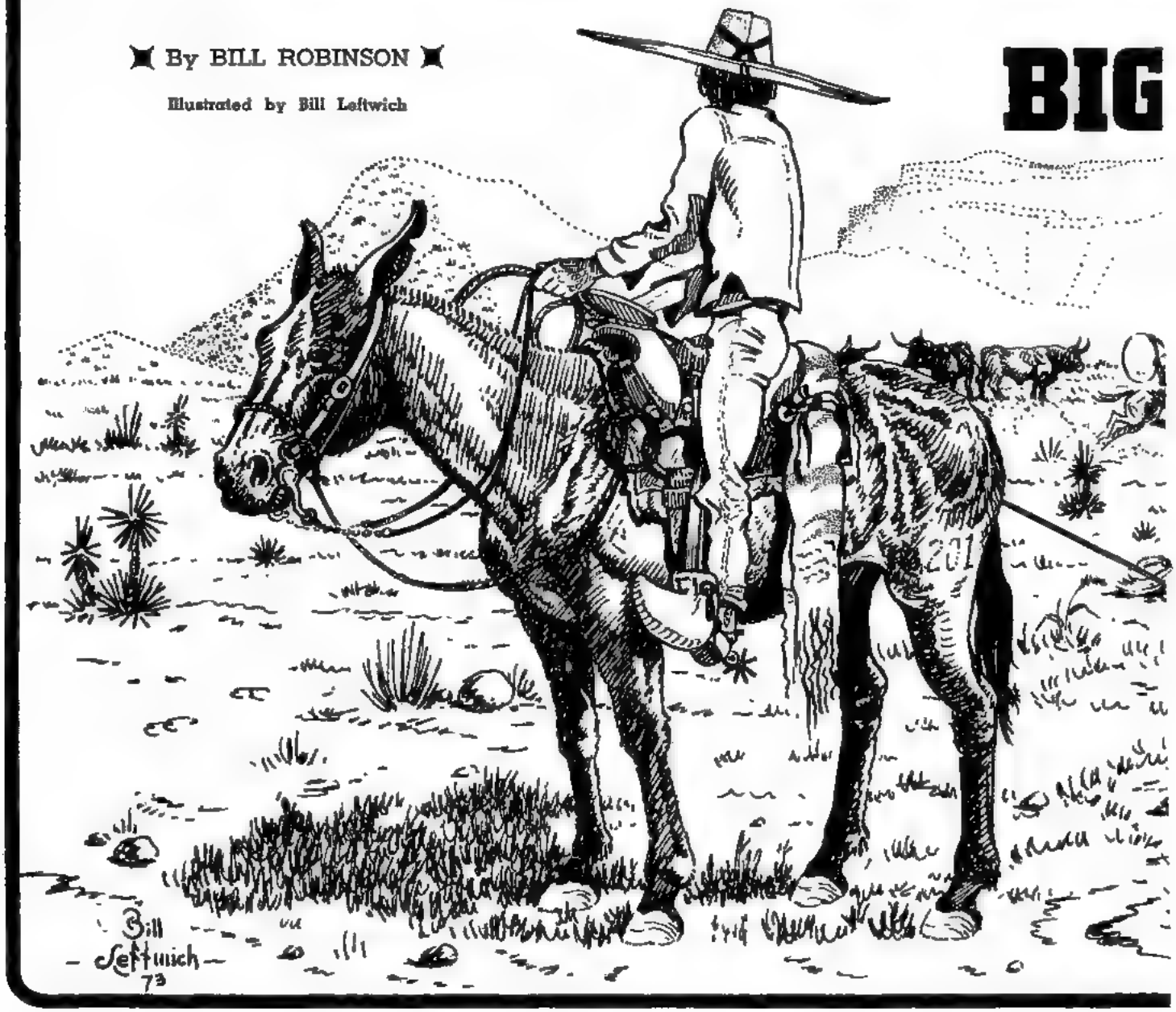
The green-carpeted canyon floor do-

(Continued on page 57)

BIG

By BILL ROBINSON

Illustrated by Bill Leftwich



ABOUT 1920 my older brother, John, who at that time in his life would not do anything but ride a horse and work cattle, decided he would try working cattle somewhere besides in the mesquite flats and cedar brakes of north Texas. He had heard talk of the Davis Mountains and Big Bend country of southwest Texas, so he sacked his saddle and expressed it and his bedroll to Alpine.

John hired out to Jackson and Harmon, who were pretty big cattle operators, to help through the fall round-up. Their chuckwagon was camped about fifty miles south of Marfa. One morning Joe Parker, the wagon boss, roped a nice-looking bay horse out of the bunch and handed John the rope. John led the horse out to his saddle and, by the way the horse took the bits when bridled, John figured he was a well-broke horse; but when John started to saddle him, the horse threw a fit and my brother started to wonder.

An old Mexican, who was saddling a horse nearby, came over and walked up to John's horse and threw the loose end of his rope around his forefeet and said, "O. K." The horse stood perfectly still while John saddled and got on. The Mexican pulled the rope loose, and the horse moved off as pretty as you please.

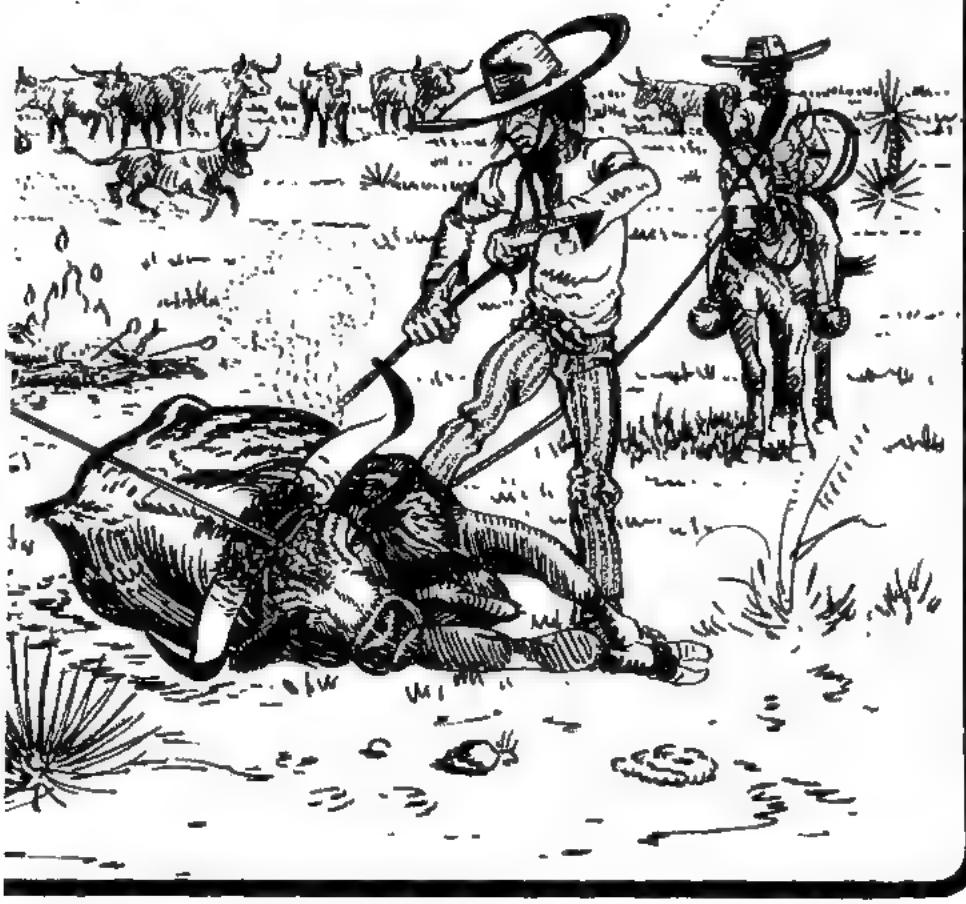
Jim Wilson explained that the horse came from Mexico and had always been roped by his front feet, so he wouldn't stand for saddling without a rope around his front feet. He was a good horse and real fast.

John was riding this horse a few days later when they were coming in on the round-up ground with the cattle. The men began to pass the word around to each other to get their ropes ready because they had antelope in the drive and somebody would get a chance to rope one when they broke out. Pretty soon John got near enough to the herd to see the antelope darting around through the cattle. They were the first ones he had ever seen. He had roped any number of coyotes and bobcats and everything else he ran onto, but these were his first antelope.

John got his rope ready with what he thought was a good antelope loop and was all set to try to rope one if he got the chance. The longer he watched those antelope run from one side of the herd to the other the more excited he became. In fact, he got too excited. When the antelope broke away from the cattle they came right straight at him, and in place of trying to rope one, he just stood up in his stirrups and counted them 1-2-3-4-5 until they went out of sight. There was a buck, three does and a fawn. That Mexico horse was probably fast enough to have given him a throw if John had thought to let him try, but all he could think to do was count them.

ALONG about the last of November they were working a herd of cattle northwest of Alpine in the foothills of the Davis Mountains. After they had worked out everything that was to be sold, such as steers, dry cows and culls, they had about 2,500 cows that Jackson and Harmon were going to keep for breeding purposes. These cows were to be driven across country to a winter

BEND ROUNDUP



To their mutual surprise, a Texas cowhand, the Border Patrol, and some Yaqui herders have a brief moment of comradeship

pasture south of Marfa, several days' drive.

The second morning after they started the herd south, they woke up and a norther was blowing and it was getting cold. About the middle of the morning, as they were going across a big strip of open country, it started snowing. Now up in north Texas in the cedar brakes and mesquite flats, when cowboys got a herd of cattle gathered they stayed with them regardless of what kind of weather they had; if the cattle were turned loose they would go right back into the mesquite and cedar brakes, and the boys would have the job of fishing them out again. John had never heard of turning a bunch of cattle loose once you had them gathered; so he got his slicker out and put it on and got ready for a miserable time.

In a little while a truck drove up and Joe Parker came around the herd and told the boys to turn the cattle loose and come to the truck because they were going to town. Now that was something John had never heard of before, but he was sure in favor of it. They unsaddled their horses and threw their saddles in the truck and went in to Alpine and stayed three days until the weather cleared. They stayed in the hotel and ate in the cafe, and that was something else new to John in the cowboy business. All the time he was wondering about catching some horses and getting those cows gathered up again, because he hadn't seen a fence or a pen or a house anywhere near the place they turned the cattle and horses loose.

Early on the morning of the fourth day they loaded the old truck and left Alpine and went back to where they had left all the stock. The horses were found about two miles south in some protected country, and the cattle were all in sight. There was a sack or two of oats in the truck, and the boys put some oats in nose bags and walked toward the horses, rattling the bags. The older broke horses nearly ran over them to get those oats.

In a little while everyone had a horse caught and saddled. They gathered the cows and strung them out by Joe Parker and, according to his count, all were accounted for. So John learned something else about working cattle in the Davis Mountain country.

After they got the cows delivered to the ranch south of Marfa, Joe Parker told Jim Wilson to take John with him and go down to Lajitas on the Rio Grande and meet a herd of cattle coming out of Old Mexico and pilot them to a ranch southeast of Alpine. They loaded their bedrolls and grub and a skillet and coffeepot on a pack horse and took a couple of extra saddle horses with them and went down to Lajitas about one hundred miles across country. They were two days getting down there.

The cattle hadn't come yet, so they made camp and looked Lajitas over. It was like a foreign country to John. Mostly Mexicans lived around there and everyone spoke Spanish but John. Jim Wilson had been raised on the border and could speak Mexican like a native. Lajitas at that time was a smugglers' headquarters. Most all the people there were engaged in the smuggling business in one way or another. They would fan out up and down the river and load their contraband on pack mules, cross the river at some remote crossing, and rendezvous in some out-of-the-way place somewhere to the north with their American counterparts. This was in Prohibition days and mostly what they were smuggling was whiskey.

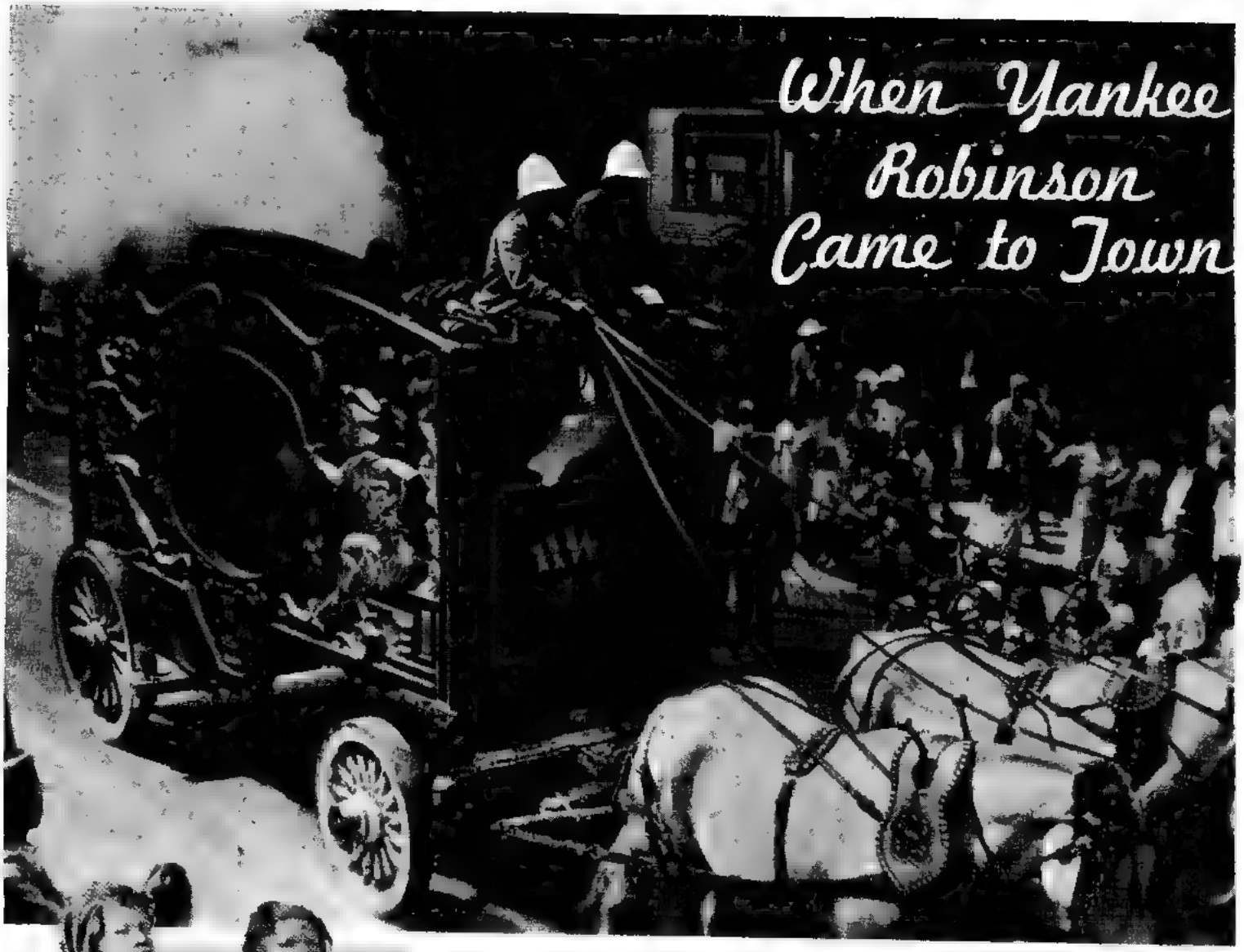
IN two or three days the herd of cattle arrived, and that was the wildest looking outfit John had ever seen. There were some 2,000 head, mostly black cattle with shaggy heads and long horns. About fifteen Yaqui Indian cowboys were with them, all riding mules, and the men looked as wild as the cattle did.

Two Border Patrolmen and two Texas Rangers were at Lajitas. The Border Patrolmen inspected the cattle and passed them across the river; the two Rangers were there just in case. Most everyone was carrying a Winchester on his saddle and had a six-shooter on, and as John sat around on his horse and watched the Border Patrolmen and Rangers and that wild looking bunch of cowboys and those smugglers, he arrived at one conclusion all by himself—and that was that Lajitas, Texas would not be a good place to start a fuss or raise a family.

He and Jim had not taken much grub with them because they were planning to camp and eat with the Mexicans after they met them at the river. These Yaqui Indians didn't even have any coffee. All the meat they were eating was "pore doe" and javelina hog.

(Continued on page 63)

When Yankee Robinson Came to Town



Above, the steam calliope with the Hazenbeck-Wallace show. 1927.

By DON BUCHAN

Photos Courtesy Author

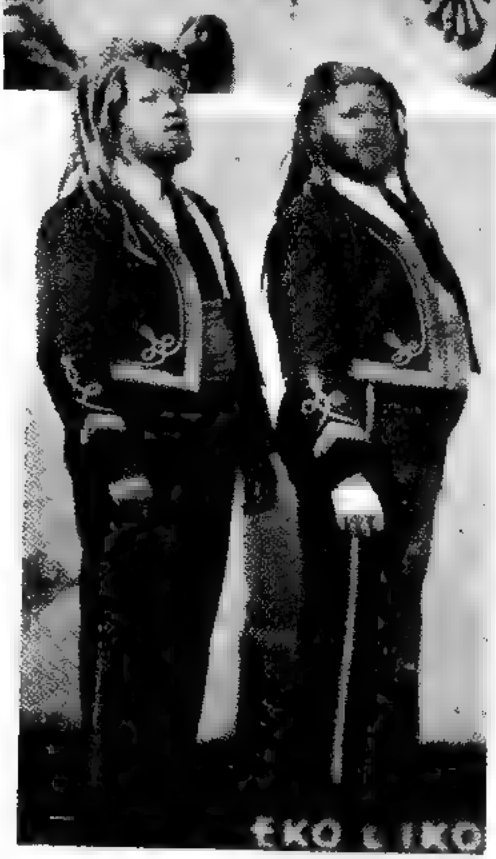
IT WAS a traveling city—the big circus that showed under canvas—and with a troupe of more than 700 and operating costs exceeding $5,000 a day, few survived the cruel depression of the 1930s. But there was a time . . .

It began with someone pasting up huge posters on barns in the country and on livery stables and feed barns in town while boys and men watched in a state of growing excitement. The feeling of expectancy grew when the weekly newspaper carried a story telling of the wonders to be seen.

On the big day the depot platform was crowded to watch the circus unload. Each ponderous elephant drew a gasp and there were "ohs" and "ahs" when the lone llama came down the ramp on slender legs. Boys wondered if the zebras were painted.

Old-timers used to tell of Wallace's Circus that had come to Spencer, Iowa on Tuesday, August 13, 1901 and drew a throng on that unlucky 13th. A windstorm, with rain, billowed the tent until spectators fled in panic, trampling one another in fright. As the lions roared, a rumor spread that the ferocious beasts had broken loose and this added to the terror. Once in the open air, the elephants refused to be prodded into another tent, but stood placidly, enjoying the downpour. Luckily no one was fatally injured.

BY 1919, when Yankee Robinson's came to my town, the once two-score circuses showing under canvas had dwindled to nine. Except for a few fortunate lads whose fathers would buy tickets, all boys scampered for the circus lot. It wasn't a matter of carrying water for the elephants, but of helping raise the big top. Under the eagle eye of the boss canvasman, together with a few roustabouts, we toiled manfully, disregarding our empty stomachs, until the main poles were



Eko and Iko, "men from Mars."

in place. Groups of three or four roustabouts wielding sledgehammers attacked the stakes which we had dropped into their proper locations. One swung the first blow and all followed in sequence, keeping the beat to a melodious tune hummed by a Negro workman.

We were given passes and freedom to dash home for a cold lunch, then back to Main Street we sped to watch the big free street parade. Who can forget the eerie wail of the steam calliope, the hyena pacing back and forth in its cage, the pachyderms, each holding to the tail of the one in front by means of the finger-like projection of the ponderous trunk?

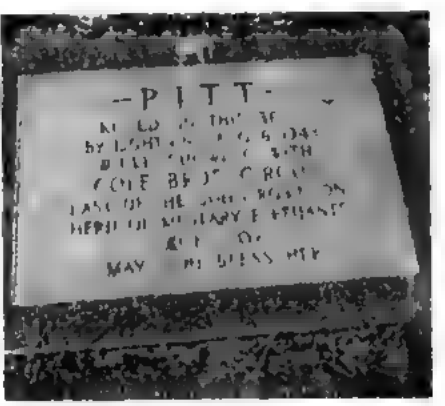
The Ten-In-One, or sideshow, opened first. For a dime one could enter and gape at the fat man, the human skeleton,

Every boy who's ever been to a circus has at least one "miracle" to his credit—for what else but the Big Top can stop a kid's heart and then start it pounding again as good as new?

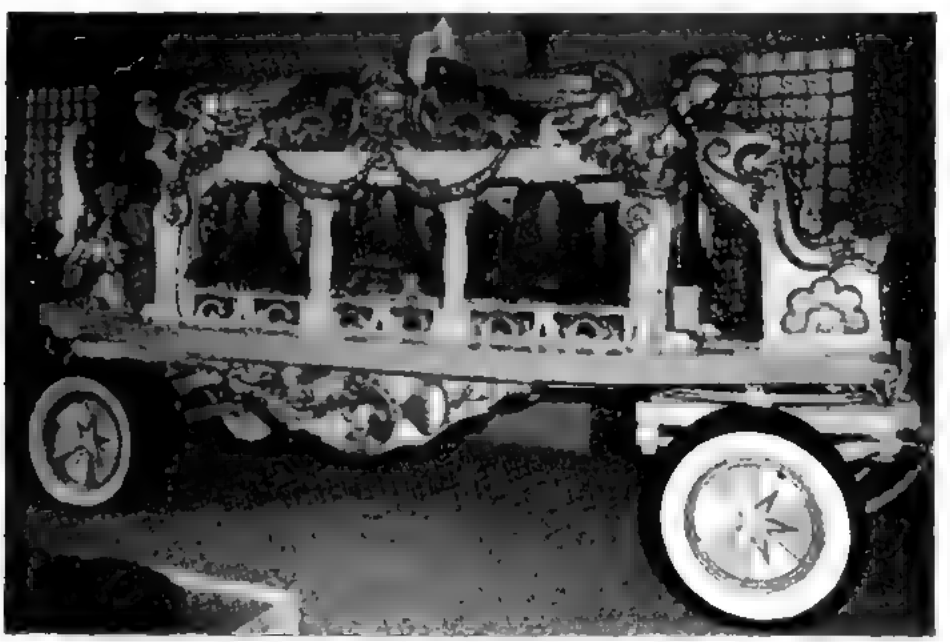
Above, Jumbo, P. T. Barnum's famous elephant, publicized as the largest ever seen by white men. Photo taken in a London zoo. Below, the "Ten-in-one," or sideshow with the Clyde Beatty Circus. Second from left is Scalo, the Seal-Boy; next the Bearded Lady; Pin Head Augusta; Danny, the Penguin-Boy; Shackles, the Great Escape Artist; and finally, Martin Laurello, who could turn his head completely around and stare straight behind himself.

Above, the famous "forty hitch," taken in Brocton, Massachusetts in 1903.

A camel pulls a wagon in the Norris & Rowe Circus parade, Los Angeles, 1909.



Pitt, an elephant with the Cole Brothers Circus, was killed by lightning at Dillon, Montana on August 6, 1943. This marble slab marks the spot.



A bell wagon, made by Moeller Brothers at Baraboo, Wisconsin in 1892. Bells were cast in Milwaukee, and were played by levers from a rear seat. They formed an octave.

the fire-eater and the midget. It cost an extra dime to see the half man-half woman, so we regretfully passed that up. The raucous cries of the lemonade dispensers and the popcorn vendors mingled with the stirring music of the circus band as we hurried into the big top, hearts pounding expectantly.

The ringmaster, with his waxed moustache and polished boots, drew attention to the lady on the high wire. Eyes turned upward as the soft Spanish music rose to a crescendo then burst into a fortissimo crash, but it blended so well with the atmosphere of make-believe we were deaf to the contrived sounds.

Circus buffs know of the skill and ingenuity of the band leader and know that animals, trained to the cadence of certain tunes in winter quarters, would break and ruin a performance if the music varied from the accented beat to which they were accustomed.

The music had to be suitable for simultaneous acts in all three rings; music specifically chosen for every performance on the ground or in the air.

Who doesn't recall the thrill of Eko and Iko, "Men from Mars," later revealed to be albinos of such low mental ability they could only speak the simplest words—and those unclearly; L. LaFercentia with his wild animal act with South American jaguars, leopards and panthers; Ruth LaNova with her trained pumas; Max Sabel with zebras and camels; Eddie Suer with his trained pigs; Rush Ashcraft with his trained goats; Charles Berry's Shetland ponies; Fred Buchanan's High School horses, each wearing a red tuft which looked like an upturned feather duster.

And remember Miss Hazel Hickey with the big baritone voice? As she sang "Song of the Doves," birds were released from various points in the tent and fluttered around her to make a never-to-be-forgotten picture.

Captain Jules had trained polar bears and Trainer Smith showed his monkeys and dogs in a pleasing performance. And do you recall the clown who walked beside a lonely lady looking for a seat? He climbed up beside her and tried to hold her hand, but she swiped at him with her handbag and ran him out of the tent while the crowd roared with laughter even though cynics advised it was "all a part of the act."

THERE was a strong man or wrestler with each circus. John Robinson featured Herr Sonit as the "worlds strongest man." Yankee Robinson had Marlin Plestina, the "worlds greatest wrestler." Jess Willard, who had dethroned Jack Johnson, traveled with a circus as did his later conqueror Jack Dempsey.

Barnum exhibited Jumbo, the largest elephant ever seen by white men until the huge beast was killed in a train wreck. Al G. Barnes featured Tusko, the "largest and meanest elephant of his time." This huge beast was laden with chains and always hitched to a smaller elephant. Usually a bull, as the animals were called, would stand quietly with one foot attached to a chain on a stake which it could uproot easily if it wanted

(Continued on page 67)

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Baccus

We are trying to find out whether George Meridith Baccus, born 1868 in Aledo, Texas was a Texas Ranger about 1889-1893. We've also been told he may have been a Deputy U. S. Marshal in Texas or New Mexico. He was my husband's grandfather. If anyone remembers when or where George M. Baccus was a lawman, we will appreciate all correspondence.

Also, there was a story called "The White Masked Bandit" in a men's magazine in the 1940s, in which George M. Baccus was mentioned as a lawman—does anyone know about this story?—Mrs. Dwaine C. Baccus, 5817 144th Street East, Puyallup, Washington 98371

Davenport-Vath

I wish to locate someone in my mother's family. Her maiden name was Eva Luetta Davenport. She had a brother, Amos, whose last address was San Diego, California. The last known address of another brother, Lawrence, was York, Nebraska. One sister, Maude Davenport Beatty, the baby of the family, was last known to be some place in Nebraska.

When they were small children, they were taken as orphans to University Place, Nebraska.

I am a niece of the daughter of Eva Luetta Davenport Vath, wife of George H. Vath (at the time), Fort Dodge, Iowa.—Mrs. Lena B. Pollard, 1206 South Illinois, Litchfield, Illinois 62056

Bliss

I am looking for any information concerning the death, life, present whereabouts or family of my father, Orville A. Bliss. He was a gunner's mate, first class, during WWII in 1944. He was born in Wilmington, California on March 25, 1918 and lived for a time in San Pedro, California. I had believed he was dead but information over recent years from relatives in Maine has led me to believe otherwise. Any knowledge would be gratefully appreciated.—Mrs. Judith Ann (Bliss) O'Gorman, 5028 Quarters, Ft. Lewis, Washington 98433

Pardue

I would love to find some of my father's relatives. He never spoke of his mother, father or where he was raised. He was Samuel Hardy Pardue. All I have ever known of his people was that he had a brother, Jimmy Lee Pardue, and two sisters, Mrs. Rossie Pardue Hicks of Texas and Mrs. Vannie Pardue Culpepper of Shreveport, Louisiana. He was born in Lincoln Parish, Louisiana on December 12, 1867 and married my mother in 1909.

This is all I know of his people but I would like to know who his parents and grandparents were, and where they were from. Any information will be greatly appreciated.—Mrs. Gladys Pace, Box 55, Dry Prong, Louisiana 71423

Owen County, Indiana

Perhaps some of your researchers would be interested in our column, "Owen County Ancestors" where their queries, if they concern early Owen County, Indiana residents, will be run free of charge. We have many available records and many interested readers and response is almost guaranteed. Write to—Owen County Ancestors, *The Evening World*, Mrs. Dixie Kline, Assistant Managing Editor, P. O. Box 226, Spencer, Indiana 47460

Lifley

I would very much like to contact my grandfather, Keith Lifley, with whom our family has lost contact since the fall of 1949. He was working on Hudson Bay as a cook on a fishing vessel. His home was in Hudson, Wisconsin. He was married to Lillie Olsen in Wisconsin in mid-1915.—Mildred J. Grandell, 173 Eculb Street, Roseburg, Oregon 97470

Mercer-Jacops

I would very much like to find my nephew, Buddie Mercer. He could be going by the name Glen Roy Jacops. We haven't seen him since 1966. I am his aunt.—Margie Lee Mercer Whitley, Rusk Springs, Oklahoma 73082

Young

I would like to know the name of Joseph Young's wife. Their son, Samuel Crockett was born June 18, 1800 in East Tennessee. The family was in Rutherford County, Tennessee circa 1807. In 1821 Samuel Crockett Young deeded land to Thomas Young. What was this relation? Who did Thomas marry, and where was he after 1830? Did he accompany Samuel C. and wife Nancy (Leigh) Young to Jackson County, Missouri in 1831? Samuel and Nancy and children went to California in 1846 on one of the first wagontrains through Weber Canyon, Utah. "Young" is on a monument near Henefer, Utah. This was the last party to cross the Sierra Neveda Mountains before the snow-trapped Donners. In 1848 Samuel C. (My great-grandfather) was a member of a posse that captured, and the jury convicted, three men for murder and sentenced them to be hanged. This was said to have been the first hanging in California. Joseph Young remained in Tennessee. Part of his property was taken in at the formation of Cannon County, the last known land sale of 1835. Did he and his wife both die there? Any information regarding Thomas Young would be appreciated.—Mrs. Charles C. Pace, 2105 Laurelei Avenue, San Jose, California 95128

Wilhelm Sisters

Martha A. and Hilda Wilhelm (sisters) were born between 1814 and 1824 either in Mississippi Territory or if after 1816, in Madison County, Alabama. Amanda W., the third sister, was born between 1820 and 1824, probably in Madison County, Alabama or Illinois. All three came with their parents to Texas in late 1832 or early 1833 from Illinois.

Sometime later Martha married Thomas Pearce, date unknown. She was living in August 1854 at the time her mother's property in Milam County, Texas was divided. It is not known whether or not she had children and information on this will be appreciated.

Hulda married Thomas Y. Gilbert December 2, 1837 in Washington County, Texas. She received a share of her mother's land. It is not known when she died but she left at least one daughter, Eliza.

A Minerva M. F. Willhelm married a John P. ——, March 18, 1843 in Washington County, Texas. It is believed that this Minerva M. F. is the above Amanda who did marry a John Black. Amanda received lot #1 of the George Erath Division of the one-half league of land her mother divided.

Would appreciate any information on the above three families.—Zane E. Jacobs, 2075 Mariposa Street, Seaside, California 93955

Campbell-Fowler

I would appreciate information about my great-great-grandparents. I know that my Great-grandmother Barbara E. Fowler was born in 1829 and was one of ten children born to Wilson and Lucinda Nichols Fowler of Rockingham County, Virginia. Wilson was a farmer. Other children were Charles, Polly Ann, Simon, Rebecca, William, Nathaniel, Nancy Ann, Katherine and John.

On April 12, 1851, Barbara E. married John Jacob Campbell at Randolph County, West Virginia. He was born in 1825. I haven't any information concerning his parents or family. He and Barbara E. had ten children and one of these, Thomas Jefferson Campbell, was my grandfather. —Mary M. (Campbell) Hustead, 455 Gibbs Street, Superior, Arizona 85273

Brightly

I am looking for information on the Edward A. Brightly family of Iola, Allen County, Kansas. Edward Brightly married Alice M. DeLapp in 1888 in Iola. They had five children: Florence, Edna, Lulu, Clara, and Mable. Some of these girls are possibly still alive. Their moth-

(Continued on page 45)

LICENSED TO UNZ ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wild Old Days!

SAGA OF THE NAVY COLT

By Berkley McCollum

IN 1861 a young stock tender shot it out with a gang of ruffians attacking a stage depot near Rock Creek, Nebraska. When the smoke had cleared, three of the gang lay dead and the legend of Wild Bill Hickok was born. Hickok's triumph at Rock Creek was largely due to his choice of weapons. He was armed with a Navy Colt, one of the finest revolvers of its day.

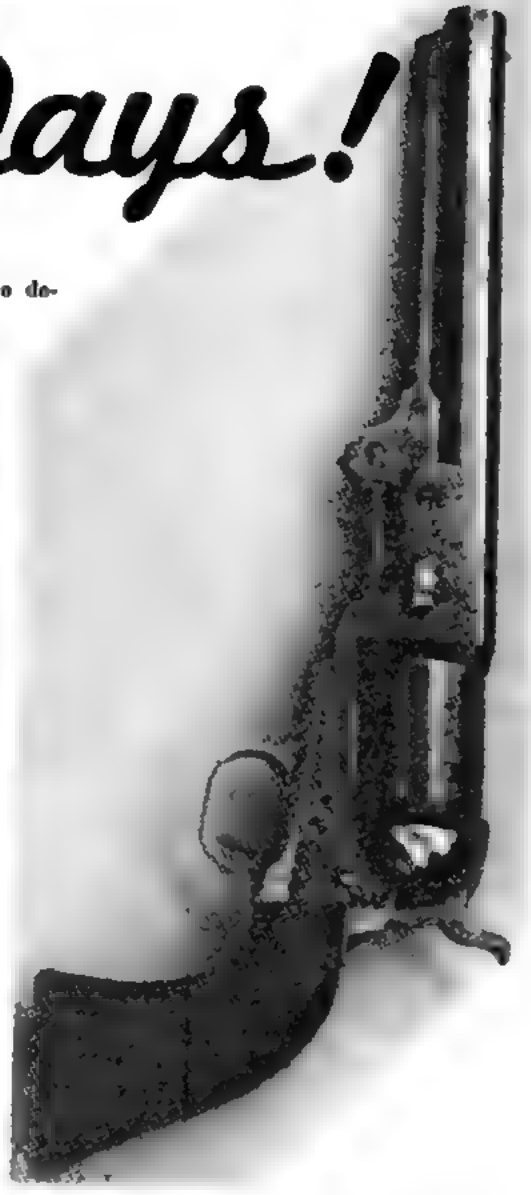
The Navy made its debut in 1851. It was created by Sam Colt, a man who did more to develop the six-gun than any other man in history. Colt had already achieved some success with his earlier pistols. His Paterson model had earned a great deal of respect from the Texas Rangers, while later models, notably the Walker and the Dragoon, had been successfully used in the Mexican War.

Still, all of these guns had serious drawbacks. The Paterson was delicate and lacked adequate power. As for the Walker and Dragoon, both were hard-hitting, capable of throwing a .44 slug quite a distance. Unfortunately they were huge and cumbersome. Both guns weighed an average of five pounds apiece, making them pretty impractical to carry on a man's hip. Inevitably, the public clamored for a lighter revolver, one that could still pack a healthy wallop. Colt immediately tackled the problem. The result was the Model of 1851.

The new pistol was quite an improvement. It was a well-balanced design, sporting a long octagon barrel, a compact frame, and a pair of grips practically tailored for a man's hand. Fully charged, it weighed less than three pounds and it fired a .36 calibre bullet. Like all guns of the percussion era, it had to be loaded with ball and powder, then fitted with percussion caps, a slow and tedious business; but its ability to fire six shots without reloading made it the most effective weapon around.

The gun soon acquired a host of nicknames. Among the most colorful were terms such as six-shooter, hog-leg, or the thirty-six. However the most popular name was unwittingly furnished by Sam

Sam Colt, 19th century inventor who designed the Navy Colt.



The model 1851 Navy Colt, owned by a New Jersey gun collector. This particular weapon once belonged to Colonel Charles Alexander, a Union officer who served in Kansas in the 1870s.

Wild Bill Hickok, gunfighter and lawman, carried a pair of Navies during most of his career.

Courtesy New York Public Library

Colt. The gun's creator made sure that the cylinder of every thirty-six produced was engraved. The engraving was a naval scene depicting a battle between the Texas and Mexican navies during a war fought in 1843. One glance at that scene and the term "Navy" became final.

FROM the very beginning, the gun was a blockbuster, making its biggest impact in the West. Guns were needed by soldiers, gold-seekers flocking to California, and land-hungry immigrants. The Navy met those needs, enabling the average frontiersman to deal with Indians on an equal or superior basis. Newspapers frequently published articles about "Going West," giving detailed advice to prospective travelers. Almost always the advantages of the Navy were stressed, thus giving the gun additional fame.

And then a curious innovation occurred —the fast draw. No one can be sure as to who actually started the practice, but most sources agree that the earliest gunslingers favored the Navy because of its light weight and superb balance. Wild Bill Hickok, who was certainly one of the first of the gunfighters, relied heavily on a pair of Navies throughout most of his career. He usually carried them thrust in his waistband and was known to have cared for them meticulously, indicative of the high regard he had for Colt's revolver.

By the time the Civil War rolled around, more than 90,000 Navies had been produced. Backed by a decade of dependable service, the gun became the most sought-after weapon of the war. It was a favorite with both Union and Confederate forces where it was used chiefly as a cavalry weapon. The exploits of men such as Stuart, Mosby, and Custer were all brought about by fast-shooting Navies skillfully employed.

With the war over, thousands looked westward and once again the Navy was in the limelight. It became a necessary item in a land where law and order often was an individual matter. Cowboys, farmers, miners, lawmen and outlaws all swore by the Navy.

Cartridge handguns began appearing immediately after the war and their advantages over percussion guns became pretty obvious; yet the Westerner clung stubbornly to the Navy. Many, including a gambler named Doc Holliday, had their Navies converted to fire cartridges. But the end was clearly in sight. It came officially in 1873 when the gun was replaced by the famed Colt Peacemaker.

Without a doubt, the Navy Colt was the most significant gun of its era. It was the first six-shooter that actually looked and felt like a gun, a quality which enabled it to become the first really effective revolver. Probably the gun's greatest asset was the fact that it appeared during two crucial periods in American history—the Civil War and the opening of the West. Quite simply, it was the right weapon at the right time.

Except for the Colt Peacemaker, few guns achieved the Navy's popularity. Ironically, the Peacemaker did manage to retain its forerunner's image in a small way. When the famed six-gun was designed, its grips were identical to that of the Navy's.

Perhaps the greatest tribute given the gun took place in 1971 when Colt Firearms resumed production of the Navy after nearly one hundred years. Today it is still possible to own that legendary six-shooter, living proof that it's hard to keep a good thing down.

THE COUGAR

By E. F. Young

A fierce yellow cougar roamed the eastern hills of the Santa Clara Valley in the summer of 1909. She stalked grazing deer and moved silently after the careless rabbit; but her powerful body hurled itself to kill only for food, for the cougar ran into the safety of the woods at the smell of man. When her screams mingled with the screams of others in the hills, Californians who lived in the valley heard her at night but were not afraid.

Then the yellow cougar gave up the hunt for fleet deer and wary rabbits. She became not a cougar but a powerful animal apart; an animal with a strange and fierce longing. Her cries were angry but muted in terror, and she wandered during daylight in the bright autumn hills. The animal was strangely driven, pushed out into the lowlands and there, closer to the valley than any of her breed had been, she saw the children.

They were playing and running in the tall brown grass near Glen Willis. Some of them clutched the last fading blue lupines in their hands. They were on a picnic with Miss Isola Kennedy, a woman well known to the valley people. She often took several children for a swim in the creek, loading them in her rig. She was about thirty-eight and had never married, but children were always swarming around her and she responded to their love. She felt she must inspire them, for their minds were eager for truth and they patterned themselves after the adults they knew. She gave them her best.

Miss Kennedy noticed Earl Wells following a creek, straying a little from the others. He was a small dark-haired boy whose large eyes always asked her questions. He was such a shy boy, afraid to speak up, but she could begin to see an unfolding in him. She could feel his mind reaching out at last. Earl walked along slowly and Isola watched him.

"He's having such fun picking up those small stones," she thought. "I won't stop him yet."

Even as she gazed, yellow flashed into her sight and a fierce cry ripped through the quiet afternoon.

THE cougar rolled on the gravel near the creek, her tail twisting in the hot air. Isola ran straight for her, panic moving her along the hillside and down to the creek. She thought only of Earl. She was fierce to get him free. When she neared the cat, she picked up a large stick and shook it at the animal, yelling at Earl, telling him to run if he could. The enraged cat then turned to her and struck out with a powerful paw. Isola fell to the ground, a gash ripped across the right side of her face. Almost without knowing what she did, she reached for the only weapon she had. It was an eight-inch hat pin.

Earl was lying still on the ground where the lunge of the cougar had thrown him. As the cougar turned for a second attack on the boy, Isola screamed at the cat. Once more the animal forgot the boy and turned toward the woman, swinging its long tail from side to side. When it was close enough, Isola plunged the hat pin again and again with all of her strength into the cougar's yellow head. Isola fell beneath the animal and kept on jamming the pin, again, again, again. The round cat face and glowing eyes rose and moved above her.

Isola drove the pin into eyes, mouth and jaw. It was a nightmare of color and sound and finally the cat's paws slapped her hands away. She screamed at the children to run, but they had already gone for help.

In a panic they had fled to a nearby water company camp. The men there had hardly understood what the frightened children were trying to say, but Jack Conlan ran to the creek with a shotgun. When he saw Isola beneath the cat, he first tried to distract the animal by slamming the butt of his gun against its head. It was futile; the cat did not stop clawing Isola. Then Conlan fired, hitting the cat in the flank. The cat still slashing her, Isola cried, "Don't shoot me!"

After what seemed like an eternity, Isola heard another shot and felt the cougar become limp and heavy. The jaws no longed worked around the frothy mouth. Exhausted, Isola pushed at the dead cougar and felt it being moved away. Nearby Earl lay still. Terrified children's faces peered from the tall grass. Then Isola began to feel the pain in her left arm and her face.

AN express wagon was brought and Isola and Earl were put into it. There was a long gash on the boy's head, but he was alive and Isola held him to her as best she could on the two-mile trip back to town.

The doctor examined Isola as soon as she was brought in. One ear was gone

(Continued on page 45)

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and the other badly torn. A large cut by her right eye exposed the bone and her left arm was mangled with more than a dozen deep slashes reaching from her shoulder to her wrist.

Even though she was so severely injured, her wounds did not prove fatal. She was a strong woman and fought to live. Grateful parents came daily to care for her and she seemed to improve. Yet Earl was on her mind and she asked about him often. When the poor little boy died of lockjaw, no one told her because they thought she would be better able to take the news after she had recovered. However, as the days passed, it became apparent that Isola was not going to get well. She began to cry out in pain and desperate fear. She became less human and more like an animal—an animal with a strange and fierce longing.

She had a terrible thirst. Her cries grew angry. Isola's family and friends waited in hopelessness and fear as the second victim of the yellow cougar died in a fit of madness. What finally caused her death was the deadly rabies passed to her from the mouth and claws of the cougar.

The community was stunned. Kind Isola—shy Earl. The valley mourns them yet. Young boys still test their courage by going up into the hills alone. But the unselfishness of Isola Kennedy is also remembered. Her willingness to give up her life for her small friends has been an inspiration to those who have heard her story. And so, her battle with the cougar was not entirely lost, though she couldn't save her young friend's life or her own.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 41)

er married a man named Higginbotham sometime after 1906. If anyone has any information on these Brightlys from Iola, Kansas, please contact me.—Charles Brightly, 14205 East 24th Avenue, Aurora, Colorado 80011

West-Christie

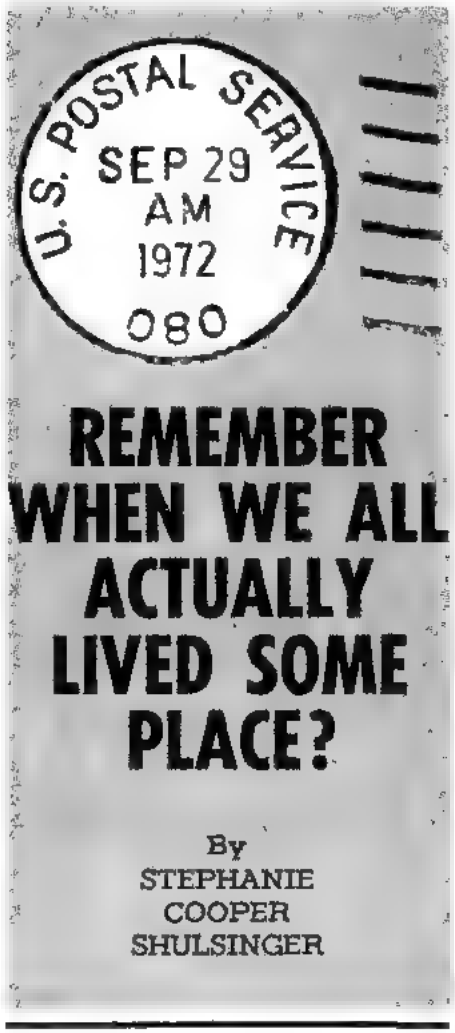
My mother was born Alice Christie about 1882 in Marshalltown, Iowa. Her mother died when she was very young and her aunt, Mary Blum, took her to raise. Mary and her husband, Albert Blum, lived near Miles City, Montana, where my mother grew up.

All I know of my father's early life is that he ran away from his home in Germantown, Pennsylvania at the age of ten. His name was Billy West and he was born about 1860 or a little earlier.

My father and mother were married at Williston, North Dakota in 1903. I would appreciate information on either.—Mrs. L. Stricker, R. R. 1, Boyle, Alberta, Canada.

Loden

I would like to hear from anyone who has any information on the name Loden. I really don't know too much about the background, but would like all information possible. I will answer all letters. —Terri Loden, 12115 Shetland Chase, Austin, Texas 78759



REMEMBER WHEN WE ALL ACTUALLY LIVED SOME PLACE?

By STEPHANIE COOPER SHULSINGER

Part VII
ALASKA

(Note: Since there are no counties in Alaska, the location of each place on the following list is noted by mention of some town or landmark reasonably nearby. Alaska really is, as its Aleut name implies: "Big Country"!)

Akutan (Aleutian Islands)—Aleut term meaning "I made a mistake."

Ambler (Ambler River)—named for Dr. James Ambler who died on an Arctic exploring expedition in 1881.

Bashful Peak (SE of Palmer)— so called because it often hides behind clouds or other mountains.

Candle (Seward Peninsula)—named for a local shrub that burned easily and looked like candlewood.

Chicken (Upper Yukon) -a popular local name for native ptarmigan.

Chisana (Fairbanks) — Athabascan for "red river."

Circle (Upper Yukon)—near the Arctic Circle.

Confusion Creek (N of Anatuvuk Pass)—named by confused geologists with poor maps to guide them.

Dime Landing (Koyuk River) — miners here claimed that they could only show a dime's worth of gold per panning.

Dot Lake (Fairbanks)—named for its size, just a dot on the map.

Elephant Point (SW of Selawik)—elephant fossils were found here around 1826.

Excursion Inlet (St. Elias Mountains)—visited in 1883 by an excursion steamer the *Idaho*.

Extra Dry Creek (Seward Peninsula)—even drier than nearby Dry Creek.

Fake Creek (near Grayline Creek) —named by disappointed travelers who had hoped that it went farther than it did.

False Pass (Unimak Island)—was considered impassable at the north end.

Farewell Mountain (on Tin Creek)—so named by some visitors because it was the last high mountain in a chain.

Fortymile Creek (Yukon Flats)—located forty miles from Beaver.

Goon Dip Mountain (Chicagof Island)—named in 1939 for a deceased Chinese minister to the U. S.

Grayling (Kuskokwim)—so named because a fisherman caught one in a nearby creek.

Homer Spit (Kenai Peninsula)—named for a prospector, Homer Pennock.

Hope (Chukchi Sea)—named for an English businessman, Sir William Hope.

Jane Russell Peaks (Chugach Mountains) —also called "Marilyn Twins"—no further explanation necessary!

Knik (Wasilla)—an Eskimo word meaning "fire."

Lemon Creek (NW of Juneau)—named for an early prospector, John Lemon.

Lost Temper Creek (Monument Ridge) —commemorates an unpleasant incident in the camp of some visiting geologists in 1950.

Mary's Igloo (Seward Peninsula) — named after an enterprising Eskimo woman, dubbed "Mary" by miners, who ran an inn and trading post for prospectors.

Meat Mountain (near Colville River)—translated from the Eskimo "nikipak," meaning "meat."

Mosquito Flats (near Wolf Creek)—one of at least seventeen place names honoring the infamous Alaskan mosquito.

Moving Mountain (near Wiseman)—the scene of huge landslides.

North Star Island (Beaufort Sea) — named after the schooner *North Star* of the Canadian Arctic Expedition.

Rampart (Yukon-Koyukuk)—named for huge natural rock formations.

Salt Chuck (Prince of Wales Island)—"salt water," from the Chinook jargon, in which "chuck" means "water."

Tanacross (Tanana River)—short for ("mountain river") Tanana Crossing, where telegraph lines first crossed the river.

Thanksgiving Creek (near Omega Creek) —named in gratitude for the gold that was found here in 1903.

Turnagain (Anchorage)—so named in 1778 by the adventurous Captain Cook, because here he had to turn back.

Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes (Katmai National Monument)—when discovered in 1916, this was an area of recent volcanic action, covered with smoke curls; now extinct.

Witches Cauldron (near Devil's Thumb)—a wild glacial valley with steep walls and forbidding scenery, described by the geologist who named it as "a sinister unworldly place."

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Truly Western

McCharen

As a subscriber and an ardent reader of TRUE WEST, I read each issue with a great deal of interest. In the December issue, there appeared an article of special personal interest. I refer to page 42, "Cash Crop in the Shell" by J. B. (Barney) McCharen.

At the age of nine in 1917, I worked weekends and summers as a delivery boy for the McCharens in Ardmore, Oklahoma. In fact, I worked with one of the McCharen boys my same age, on their one-horse-drawn hack. Boy, have I got a lot of good stories about when this boy and I delivered goods. Sure had lots of fun!

My folks and I lived at 1119 W. Main St., right straight out from where the store was located. My father was A. J. Jones and worked as a carpenter for an oil mill. He was fondly known by everyone as A. J. The McCharens knew me by my middle name, Hardy. I clearly remember Barney, as well as his father, whom I recall as having a long red-haired mustache, and I have frequently wondered how and where they were.

Wish me luck in trying to re-establish a friendship of so many years ago with the McCharens!—Robert H. Jones, Sr., 5480 E. Akron, Mesa, Arizona 85205

Thinking Back to Recess!

In your April 1974 issue of TRUE WEST, I detected some detail in one of the illustrations for the article "Otto Franc, Riddle of the Pitchfork" about which I feel very few of your readers would know the significance. The illustration is on page 27 and is titled "A log schoolhouse in the Big Horn Basin area." In the foreground, in front of the schoolhouse, is a wagonwheel design in the snow. I would almost bet that most people wouldn't know what this was or what it was for.

Schoolhouse in the Big Horn Basin area.

It is the layout for playing the children's game of "Fox and Geese." That was a winter game as snow was needed to mark out the playing area. The game was basically a game of tag. The Fox was "it" and he had to catch a goose, which was one of the players. The hub of the wheel was "free territory" and the geese were safe there. In the chase, the geese and fox had to stay within the outline of the wheel. Anyone stepping out of the line became a fox. A goose, when caught, became the fox and the game started all over.

I haven't seen the game played since about 1940 or heard of anyone playing it since my one-room schooldays.—I. L. Pfalser, R. R. 1, Caney, Kansas 67333

Thresher Man!

I think TRUE WEST is a wonderful magazine, and buy each monthly issue at a local drug store. I particularly enjoyed Earl Snipe's story in the October '73 issue titled "Wheat Harvest and Moonshine."

The steamer in the picture on page 30 is either a Huber or Buffalo-Pitts single side mounted. I sold a Huber a few years ago that looked very much like it. Which by the way was the last 20-80 H. P. the Huber Co. put out in that size They were a little slow to steam up in the morning, but once you got steam up, it was a breeze from then on, and I have always regretted selling mine. They were a wonderful power both on the belt and drawbar.

I also fired a Huber straw burner when I was young, and we broke sod, and summer fallowed with it. The dry years of the '20s put us out of business—with neither water nor fuel you were helpless. In later years I used a Huber to saw wood and fired with slabs.

Hope the harvest and threshing photos keep coming.—Basil Buckmaster, P. O. Box 9, Eureka, Montana 59917

☆

Your October issue of TRUE WEST caused quite a splash in our little community of Viola, Kansas. Many of us recognize the people in the threshing machine picture on page 30. Some of us still remember the people and events mentioned in the story. (Like the time Bill Sipult bit the head off a bull snake one Saturday night on the main street of Viola. He got $3.00 for doing it.)—Dale G. Miller, Viola, Kansas 67149

☆

Could you put me in touch with Mr. Earl Snipes who wrote in the October TRUE WEST the article, "Wheat Harvest and Moonshine?" I am the son of Perry Nighswonger and recognize the machine and crew.–Harold Nighswonger, 3815 Westlawn, Wichita, Kansas 67203

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Bailey in Chains

I saw the story about the post hole banks and it was really interesting, but I wish to add to it. I was a guard at the federal prison in Chillicothe, Ohio at that time and in 1934 four F.B.I. men brought Harvey Bailey, badly shot up, to our prison for safekeeping. We placed him in a locker room on the second floor and an armed guard sat there with a .45 automatic pistol for a two-hour shift, then he'd be relieved by another guard. We kept Bailey chained to the iron cot at all times with an armed guard outside the door.

I sat in that room with Bailey three nights from midnight to 2:00 a.m., armed with a fully loaded automatic pistol with orders to shoot to kill in case of an attempt to free Bailey. Our prison was an armed camp all the time Bailey was there. The general public was kept one-half mile away by four armed officers.

We kept him for three days until the car came from Atlanta with fifteen prisoners going to Alcatraz in California. We kept all prisoners in their quarters until we got Bailey on the car, and we sent two of our guards along on the car to Leavenworth, Kansas for a pick up of more prisoners. Four F.B.I. men took charge of Bailey and kept him in the smoking room of the car, still chained to the iron cot, and no other prisoners were allowed entrance to this room.—George M. Bilderback, 1449 Flower Street, Port Orchard, Washington 98366

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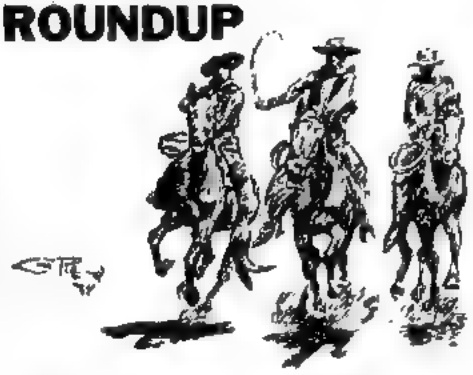

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MANBY OF TAOS

Whatever Frank Waters writes finds a large following. His latest book, *To Possess the Land* (Sage Books, $8.95), reads like a tale from the Arabian Nights and is full of suspense and mystery. A biography of English-born Arthur Manby, a black sheep from a wealthy aristocratic family, tells the complicated story of how Manby flimflammed the poor inheritors of the Antonio Martinez Grant north of Taos, New Mexico and appropriated over 60,000 acres of land plus water and mineral rights. A thorough scoundrel, seducer, thief, murderer and swindler, Manby's disappearance or death is a mystery to this day. A decapitated corpse was reported as his by some witnesses; others said the body was that of another man. A few people claimed to have seen him in various places after his burial. The author used tensely drawn narrative in describing the incredible details of how the inventive Englishman connived to beat dozens of Mexicans out of their inheritances; how he established interlocking subsidiaries as a protective smoke screen; how he mulcted money from credulous investors, including his own brothers; how he organized his own secret service which finally overrode him; and how fate boomeranged and reduced him to a poverty-stricken recluse in Taos. We must credit Waters with indefatigable research in uncovering Manby's devious trails, cover-ups, murder and mayhem. His work in exposing the maze of land and corporate swindles called for patient and dedicated legal sleuthing. Highly recommended.

MINING GHOST

Picacho: Life and Death of a Great Gold Mining Camp (Southwest Printers, $1.50) by Peter Odens is the author's seventh production on Southwestern subjects. Picacho was a mining camp on the Colorado River in Yuma County, Arizona. By 1902, thanks to rich ore and several large mills, the prosperous town reached a population of 2,500 people. A series of events, breakdowns, drop in the value of ore, and loss of steamer transportation on the river, contributed to the town's decline. Oden's story begins with the slightly fictionized account of Jose's first visit to the site below Chimney Rock in 1862, where men were using a blanket to separate gold nuggets from the dust, up to the present. Nothing remains now of Picacho but the everlasting landmarks—some rusting machinery, a few crosses, and the glory holes. His story is drawn from records, first-hand accounts of people still living who knew the camp in its declining years, and the physical evidence on the ground.

TO THE DEATH

People west of Nevada's Black Rock Desert near the California town of Eagleville are loaded with legends about the Massacre of Shoshone Mike's band of Bannocks in 1911. Before writing *The Last Free Man* (The Dial Press, $7.95), Dayton O. Hyde spent years backtracking these refugee Indians. The trail began south of Twin Falls, Idaho and extended south to Baker, Nevada and west to Oroville, California and east to Little High Rock Canyon east of Eagleville. Here a posse slaughtered the small group of Indians. Out of a total of thirteen Bannocks, all were killed except four little children. Falsely accused of killing whites and their livestock, the hardy nomads survived hunger, cold, deep snow and howling blizzards before being hunted down and shot. Hyde interviewed dozens of whites and Indians who added pieces to the elusive story. His book appears to provide a plausible answer to a puzzling bit of Western history. He writes descriptively of the arid ranges where Mike sheltered his band. The text is helpfully illustrated with a number of contemporary photographs which show macabre scenes in a frozen landscape where apparently innocent people met their death.

LOST DUTCHMAN

The latest story of the Lost Dutchman gold mine and the mysterious mountains which hide it is the *Treasure of the Superstition Mountains* (Norton, $7.95) by Gary Jennings. Jennings studied the mine and the history of the area for twenty-five years and made several interesting searches himself. The first seven chapters of the book are background to the main message. Chapters eight through twelve cover prospecting, hardship, successes, failures, and tragedies. The search continues, and the treasures still wait to be found. An account of known deaths—accidental, murder, and suicide, together with examples of eccentrics—add a macabre and bizarre flavor. As Jennings points out, most of the treasure is intact somewhere, so the parade of people and events will continue. Though not a definitive work, the book is a good information source as well as interesting reading.

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Summer of the Blue Snow

(Continued from page 15)

A FEW years before, another white soldier named John Snell had taken up his squawman's rights at the headwaters of Little Warm, so Jensen was forced to file below the Snell place. Snell was a man of education, a gentleman as befits an army officer, and he and my father had become good friends during the years before Jensen came to the reservation.

"I've got a diamondback rattlesnake for a neighbor," John Snell told my father. "He's located on Little Warm Creek below my place. I knew him when I was stationed at Fort Assiniboine. He's a drunken braggart and a rank coward. I just want to warn you in advance that he'll make trouble for the Circle C in his own way. He'll take unbranded calves, butcher your beef, and stir up all kinds of trouble."

That warning given my father proved Snell to be a minor prophet.

Jensen took a few years to get his bearings and the lay of the land. His first move was to toady to the squawman sub-agent at Lodge Pole sub-agency, another trouble-maker who hated the Circle C outfit. These two squawmen became cronies. Meanwhile, the crafty Tad had formed a sort of illicit partnership with Billy Saddler, who had taken up his squawman's allotted acreage at the head of Bear Gulch, a few miles from the mining camp of Zortman in the Little Rockies. (Saddler is also an alias but the true name is on file.)

There was money to be made peddling bootleg whiskey to Indians and halfbreed sons of squawmen. Far too crafty to operate a whiskey still on the reservation, the pair bought 100-proof grain alcohol by the 10-gallon keg, cut it down with creek water, colored it with brown sugar and plug tobacco, and peddled the rotgut in quart bottles they picked up in alley trash cans behind the numerous saloons in Zortman and Landusky. Never once did Tad or Billy accept a silver dollar or two silver dollars for the booze they peddled. The money was put in an empty Bull Durham sack and left at night in Saddler's privy, and the bottle of rotgut was cached in a given spot in the tall sagebrush or willows along the creek. When the coast was clear and no Indian police were riding in the vicinity, Saddler's Indian wife would go to the privy and pick up the money sack.

Nobody knew for sure where the pardners made their whiskey and bottled it, but the operation probably never took place twice in the same place. In the rough terrain of the Little Rockies there were many caves and rimrock ledges. The same held true of the beef steers they butchered and sold by the quarter to the hungry Indians, or delivered at night to the butcher shops at Zortman and Landusky, or to the miners' cabins.

On several occasions during the years, stock inspectors paid unexpected visits to the cold storage meat house, but the butcher could always show a fresh hide to account for the four quarters of beef hung on the meat hooks, and there was never enough evidence to prove in a court of law that the meat was stolen.

ONE TIME somebody tipped off Jake Myers, the Circle C foreman, that there was a bunch of Circle C cows with big unbranded calves in the Little Rockies at the head of Beaver Creek. Jake notified the stock inspector and together they and half a dozen cowhands rode up into the rough wilderness country where they located the cows and calves and a brush corral used to hold the calves weaned from their mammies. But there was no sign of Tad Jensen or Billy Saddler, and Jake figured they had been tipped off beforehand.

When Jake and the stock inspector and the cowhands came down the mountain with their little drive of cattle, they sighted the smoke of a prairie fire near the home ranch. Jake left two men to bring the cattle in and, with the rest, hightailed it to help fight the fire. The bed wagon that was kept ready during the dry months—loaded with barrels of water, piles of gunnysacks, wagon sheets and shovels—came from the ranch, driven by the four-horse team that was kept in the lower pasture.

It was an unwritten range law that when the smoke of a prairie fire was sighted, every cow outfit and sheep outfit in that vicinity lent a hand, and that held true of all Indians, halfbreeds and squawmen on the nearby reservation.

Luckily the wind had died, but it took the best part of the day to get the blaze under control. Among the fire-fighters were Tad Jensen and Billy Saddler, wielding wet gunnysacks, white teeth bared in mirthless grins on their sweaty, smoke-grimed faces. It was only later that half a dozen empty kerosene cans were found along the perimeter of the fire.

Within the week, a crudely printed letter with the Zortman postoffice mark came by stage to the Circle C ranch.

BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME. SOME NIGHT WHEN THE WIND IS RIGHT YORE WHOLE DAMMED CIRCLE C RANCH WILL BE BURNED OUT. WE GOT GUNS ENOUGH TO KILL OLD MAN COBURN AND ALL HIS DAMMED SONS AND JAKE MYERS IS OUR SPECIAL MEAT.

(Continued on page 52)

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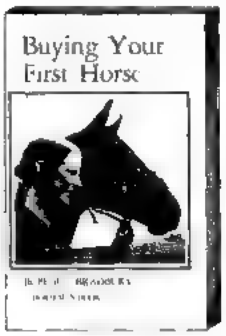

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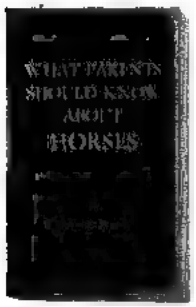

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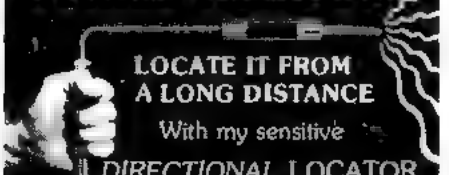

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THEN along came the summer of 1910 bringing the most devastating, dangerous, and wide-spread forest fires in the history of the Pacific Northwest. Three million acres of valuable forest land in Idaho and Western Montana were consumed and eighty-five lives were lost in the holocaust.

The fire got its start as early as April in the Coeur d'Alene National Forest in Idaho. Soon more fires broke out in the tinder-dry forest that had had no rain. By June 15 the situation was out of control, in spite of the heroic efforts of countless fire-fighters scattered out in all strategic places. Those crews of fire-fighters were poorly equipped to fight that tremendous wall of fire (flames as high as mountains), driven by hurricane winds that ranged from sixty to one hundred miles an hour. Clouds of yellow-black, wind-driven smoke extended more than a thousand miles to reach Billings, Montana and Denver, Colorado.

While rainstorms were few and did nothing to alleviate the critical condition, thunder and lightning storms struck without mercy, starting countless other widely scattered fires until there were an estimated 3,000 burning out of control. The prosperous mining cities of Wallace and Mullan in the heart of the Coeur d'Alene National Forest were partly consumed in the disaster.

Halley's Comet, widely rumored to be of ominous portent, hung low in the smoke-filled sky as the wall of fire destroyed everything in its path—forest growth that has been there since the beginning of time, all animal and bird life, even the fish in the boiling waters of the Coeur d'Alene River.

It was not until the wind-up of the spring calf roundup in the first part of June that the wind-driven smoke overcast drifted approximately a thousand miles to our part of Montana and the Circle C ranch. Every day an up-to-date account of what was happening in Idaho and the western part of Montana was headlined in the newspapers. The death toll of trapped fire-fighters was recorded daily in black print on the front page. Missoula, the site of the University of Montana, was already engulfed by smoke. The town of Taft was in the direct path of the fire and citizens were warned to evacuate.

During the first part of June the skies became so overcast at the Circle C ranch that the sun looked like an angry red globe. A man could stare at it without blinking or having his eyes water. But at that time no trace of smoke clogged the nostrils as it did a few weeks later, for that red sunball was destined to last throughout the summer.

Now and then the Sunday editions of newspapers would carry an article about Halley's Comet and its foretelling of disaster to come. Religious leaders, in fire and brimstone sermons, predicted the end of the world.

IT WAS late July or the first week in August when the hurricane wind brought in, almost overnight, the dense smoke pall that cut visibility to about two hundred yards. Powdery gray-black ashes began to cover the vast Montana prairie land. In the dim light of the red sunball the ashes took on a bluish cast; thick smoke filled the air like fog, and a Circle C cowhand, born and raised in Montana, could get lost in his own pasture. The two scrub-timbered Coburn Buttes, long a landmark of the Circle C home ranch, were no longer visible. Someone called it "The Summer of the Blue Snow" and for many years after, the summer of 1910 was referred to by that name.

It was then that my father summoned my half-brothers, Will, Bob and Wallace, his foreman Jake Myers, and me to the log cabin office for a medicine talk. The subject of the powwow concerned those two disgruntled squawmen, Jensen and Saddler.

The unsigned, threatening letter about burning down the Circle C ranch and killing the Coburn family, was taken from the safe and reread. The consensus was that if those two still had arson in mind, now was a good time to try their luck. My father suggested that Will, Bob, and Wallace move their families to town, as the ranch was no longer a safe place for women and children, and this was done.

Every Circle C cowhand off blowing in his wages was summoned to get back to the ranch as quickly as possible, and most of them showed up without delay. They were now instructed to ride in pairs on account of the dense smoke pall. Four cowhands, besides the horse wrangler, were put in charge of the remuda. The bed wagon was kept loaded with extra barrels of water, covered by gunnysacks held in place by tie ropes to keep the water from splashing out. More shovels and gunnysacks and old wagon sheets than usual were loaded, along with hooks to cut down the brush in the coulees and draws. A few green cowhides were tied at either end, with hundred-foot ropes to be used to drag them along the edge of burning grass.

In addition to the Circle C cowhands, some full-blood Indians were hired—Roy and Abe Long Knife, Jesse Iron Horn, Merlin Takes the Shield, Rufus Warrior, Joe Walk Slow, and Gregory Doney and his hay crew. George L. Bickler, the roundup cook, was asked to lend the ranch cook a hand. A dozen cowhands, armed with saddle guns, patrolled the pasture where the remuda was kept at night in case anyone had plans to take over the remuda and leave our outfit afoot.

TAD JENSEN, during the years, had filed a couple of lawsuits contesting Circle C water rights to Little Warm Creek and had lost.

On the Circle C side of the reservation fence was a large diversion dam. A huge box-like structure made of planks, with a large wheel contraption on top to lift the heavy flood gates, allowed a certain amount of water to fill the natural lake at the fenced in Rolling M ranch. That natural lake, formed by a large beaver dam across Little Warm Creek, had been in existence long before the coming of the white man. It was covered with tall rank grass and cattails, a breeding place for ducks of

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every description, hell-divers, and fish. For countless years it had been a game refuge, and there were posted signs of "No Shooting Allowed" and "Private Property."

After Jensen's futile lawsuits over water rights had been thrown out of court the diversion dam had been dynamited several times at night. Jensen and Billy Saddler were caught red-handed by the sheriff and a deputy U. S. marshal, which resulted in their arrest and a suspended jail sentence providing they repaired all damage to machinery and planking. That put an end to the dynamiting.

"The next time those two get drunk at Zortman," Charlie Beard, the justice of the peace, told Jake Myers, "I'll lock them in jail and throw the key away."

There had been countless wild and woolly stories told both on the Fort Belknap Reservation and in the mining camp-cowtowns concerning Saddler's teen-aged daughters. Both were tall, slender, with long thick jet black hair and olive skin, and gray-green eyes fringed with long black eyelashes. Both had ridden horseback since they were old enough to sit a horse and both had been fairly well educated. They were the first girls in that part of the cow country to abandon divided skirts and wear tight-fitting Levi's. That alone was enough to start scandalous rumors among the women.

Saddler's daughters were always the best dressed girls at the dances at Zortman and Landusky. They subscribed to all the fashion magazines and made their own dresses of silk and satin. And their tomboy buoyancy and fun-loving nature, their natural gay laughter and the soft huskiness to their low-toned way of speaking, added to their charm.

At the dances, dressed to the nines, the girls were wont to go outside between dances, if extended an invitation to drink from a bottle of rotgut booze. And it was rumored that on a hot summer day they would swim nude in a dam Saddler had built across Bear Creek to irrigate his hay field. But the main scandal involved the times when Billy Saddler was absent from home for a few days or a week. It was then that his wife and daughters formed a habit of celebrating his departure by getting roaring drunk, a regular war-whoop party that ended in wild screaming and hair pulling, then copious tear-shedding before they bedded down for the night. By the time Saddler returned they had sobered up, and if Billy was aware of what had transpired during his absence, he kept it strictly to himself.

ACCORDING to Roy Long Knife, the pair of squawmen had several times tried to bribe some young Assiniboine and Gros Ventres men to burn out the Circle C ranch. They had told Jensen and Saddler to go to hell and had then reported the whole thing to the Indian Police, who in turn reported it to the sub-agent at Lodge Pole. But the sub-agent there told the Indian Police to mind their own business and go back to their job of riding the reservation fence. Young Charlie Ohlerking and Bob Kirkaldie, two halfbreed boys, had also been approached, but had told the pair where to shove their money and rotgut booze.

Charlie and Bob were courting the Saddler girls on the sly, and the girls had admitted that they hated their father and that the feeling went double for Jensen. In fact the girls had promised to tip Charlie and Bob in plenty of time if they heard of any plans to burn out the ranch.

Owing to the uncertainty of when and where the two men might strike, the Circle C hands doubled their precautions, and four instead of two rode patrol in shifts. Four big, stout, grain-fed horses were kept harnessed in their stalls in the barn, ready at any time to haul the bed wagon with its water barrels and fire-fighting equipment.

There were days on end when the blue-gray ashes sifted down on our hats and clothing. We had to cover our mouths and nostrils with our hankerchiefs to keep the ashes from getting into our lungs. But the hot air, thick with ashes, did serve one good purpose. It acted as a smudge to keep off the swarms of mos-

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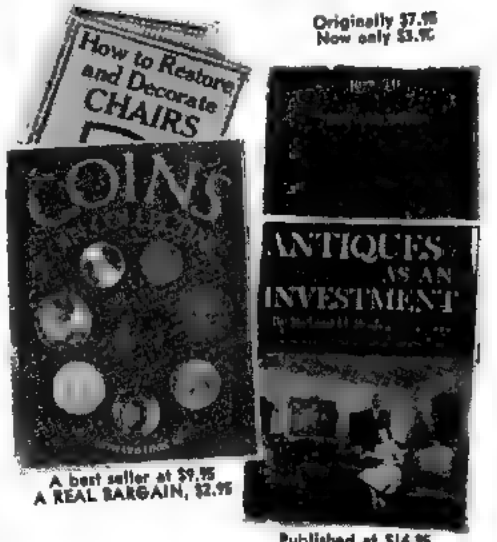

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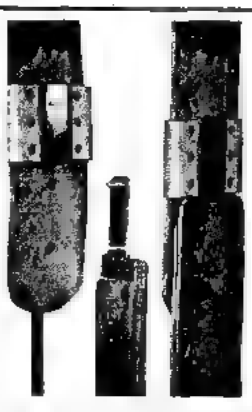

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quitoes, and horse flies and deer flies. Undoubtedly the Circle C cowhands, armed with six-shooters and saddle guns, with black handkerchiefs covering our faces, had the appearance of a gang of road agents fixing to hold up the stage.

It was the constant twenty-four-hour tension that rubbed the nerve ends raw. Probably the worst week came in late August of that Summer of the Blue Snow, when the billowing smoke clogged the noses of man and beast, visibility was nil, and you couldn't see the ears of the horse you were forking. Not a hint of a breeze stirred the air. The arson crew had made no move, and no warning word had come from Charlie Ohlerking or Bob Kirkaldie. It was a tense situation waiting for something to happen.

JUST AFTER daybreak one morning, with the red sunball an hour high in the murky sky, a telephone call came to the ranch from Charlie Beard, justice of the peace at Zortman.

It seemed that all hell had busted loose at Billy Saddler's place at the head of Bear Gulch the night before. Billy and Jensen got into a ruckus; Billy attacked his sidekick with the Bowie knife he always packed; Jensen managed to draw his six-shooter and get off a couple of forty-five slugs. Mrs. Saddler was in bad shape from the bullwhipping Billy had given her and the girls. A stray bullet had hit the oil lamp on the table, and the cabin had caught fire and burned to the ground. Somehow the girls managed to get on their horses and ride to Zortman with the bad news.

Fred Roberts hurriedly deputized a few men, and the barn man at Goslin's took a spring wagon to fetch Saddler, his wife, and Jensen to town, where the doctor had put them all to bed at Bert Swag's Hotel. He was treating them for knife cuts, gunshot wounds and burns.

According to Charlie Beard, the girls said that Billy had told his wife he'd be gone for a few days, so as usual they and their mother had proceeded to have some drinks. Then Jensen unexpectedly showed up with a jug to join the party and was doing his best to overcome one of the girls when Saddler walked in. At that point the melee began.

Charlie Beard said he had notified the Indian Agent at Fort Belknap to send a marshal to take charge of things. He ended by saying that, one thing for sure, the Circle C outfit was rid of the two trouble-makers for keeps.

The Summer of the Blue Snow was destined to last throughout the month of August and well into September, but the constant threat of the burning of our ranch no longer existed.

Saddler and Jensen were tried at Helena. Both were found guilty of making and selling whiskey to the Indians, and for attempted murder, and were sentenced to the federal prison at Leavenworth for fifteen years. Upon release they would be on probation for another ten years with the provision that they would never again enter the boundaries of the State of Montana. As a result, both their Indian wives were automatically divorced, and both went back to their people.

The following year the Saddler girls were married in a double wedding with the Reverend Van Orsdale, better known and loved throughout that part of the cow country as Brother Van, officiating.

It was during the fall beef roundup that the last vestige of the long summer smoke pall was blown away, and the sun shone once more in the sapphire blue skies of Montana. Thus passed that memorable Summer of the Blue Snow.

McGarry's Lost Gold

(Continued from page 13)

covered the town with water. Old Roosevelt can be seen today, without change.

The Sunnyside vein produced a lot of gold and may reopen again, since the increase in the price of gold.

Here is a true side tale: During the peak of this excitement, claims could be bought by merely having a location made in this area. One of the old-timers, known as Sheepherder Bill, on several occasions located claims in the dead of winter in deep snow and would go to Boise to make a quick sale. On one of these trips Bill sold a claim, went down to a furniture store in Boise and ordered some real plush furniture. The clerk asked, "Now, Bill, where do you want the furniture delivered?" Old Bill said, "Send it to the city jail, I'll be there soon." And sure enough, he was! (Sheepherder Bill loved to imbibe!)

SHORTLY after the peak of the Thunder Mountain excitement, three old-timers, Dave Lewis, Ira McGarry and Three Finger Smith, were traveling by horse from the Dewey Mine to the Cougar Dave Lewis Ranch on Big Creek. They got a late start from Dewey, and evening overtook them on the divide east of Monumental Creek and south of Big Creek. They made camp on this ridge at a spring. They stayed all night, and early next morning one of them went after the horses which had been left down on the Monumental Creek slopes for better feed.

The other two men waited in camp. Ira McGarry noticed a big boulder of dark, porous rock near the camp and broke the rock open. It was actually held together with threads of gold. They staked three claims at once and spent the day looking for more rock but no more float could be found.

They then decided to go after supplies, powder and tools in Warren, so they could dig down and uncover the deposit. Ira McGarry was to make this trip while Cougar Dave and Three Finger Smith went on to the ranch to scythe the hay crop which was ready to cure. It was agreed that no one would tell of the discovery.

They went their separate ways, and three days later Ira ended up in the small mining town of Warren, Idaho. Ira had a lot of dust in his throat to get rid of, so he walked very briskly to the saloon. There he met some of his old bosom friends. During the exchange of greetings and displays of pure friendship, it finally was Ira's turn to give an account of his activities.

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key and companionship, one has the uncontrollable desire to divulge one's overwhelming excitement. So Ira reached in his pocket and brought out his beautiful specimen of gold ore and laid it on the bar.

At once there was quiet in the room, as every man at the bar examined the rock. Then the men started crowding around the hero, each taking his turn buying drinks. It wasn't long, with the aid of drinks and congenial companionship, until Ira made a slip about its origin.

The next morning Ira was slow in getting up and, after buying his supplies, it was noon before he got started on his return trip. It wasn't until he arrived at the Dustin Ranch on the South Fork of the Salmon River that he found that five men were already ahead of him, traveling in the same direction. On the third day Ira got to the claims and found the five men already there. They hadn't jumped the claims but were scratching and prospecting for more of the rock.

For the moment there was nothing left to do but join forces with the men and try to find the bonanza. After a week of unsuccessful effort, the party broke up and ended their prospecting activities. The float was on top of the ridge and had had no chance to move from its source. Perhaps their misfortune was caused from not digging in the spring deep enough to reach the formation in place.

Old Cougar Dave Lewis was our neighbor for a number of years and we found him to be honest and sincere. He thought the ore came from a meteorite. This, of course, would be impossible because of the melting point of gold which could not last under that tremendous heat. Cougar Dave was not a prospector and knew very little about geology. He lived on his ranch at Big Creek until his death in the spring of 1938. He was close to ninety years old.

Theirs was a mighty lucky campsite, but nobody ever profited from it.

Reymert Ruins

(Continued from page 55)

nated the only source of water, a small spring, cool and calm. From its clear water a doe drank in peace while a thirsty coyote held its distance, awaiting his turn.

Prospectors and ranchers had long ago packed in one and one-half inch pipe. Like a huge snake it traversed the canyon floor from the spring, downhill to a now rusting metal tank, to deposit drop by drop life-giving water for the range cattle of Wayne Taylor, who had the deed to this desert range and wilderness. A new rock tank has replaced the old metal tank, and modern plastic tubing has supplemented the rusted metal pipe snake.

FILLING my canteen with the cool water from the spring, I headed my weary feet down the sandy trail toward my car. My pack was overflowing with rock, broken pottery, pieces of cinder, old ash, rusty bolts, fire-brick and rusty mule shoes.

Rounding a narrow trail at the exact bend where cattle had spooked me earlier in the day, there stood, as if in answer to my wish for a pack animal, an aged burro, branded, cactus-studded, but at peace upon the desert pasture. He cared not at my intrusion; cared not that our paths crossed. There was no objection as I gently slipped my burden from my shoulder onto his scabby back. His gait was slow but steady, and he gently guided me down and out of the darkening Reymert Canyon.

I was grateful for this stout fellow, the lone companion and partner of some long forgotten prospector. He may have been hungry for my companionship; he may have been as old as the ruins. On succeeding trips back into Reymert a year or two later, the sober old burro greeted us.

Then late one autumn while in search of mule deer we came upon his remains, a victim of relentless time. I called him "Ajax" for the long forgotten mine on this old trail. He had a brand, a bit faded; and a history, also a bit faded for I could never trace his owner.

The U. S. Department of Agriculture Forest Service, Crook National Forest Map, Gila and Salt River Meridian of 1937 shows the spelling as Raymert; but Reymert or Raymert, it is a ghost town

that lived twice and seems to be living again. In July 1970, I again visited the Reymert ruins, that time with W. S. Overton of Beloit, Kansas, modern-day prospector who dug carbon deposits from the old smelter and ovens and had the deposits assayed in Phoenix. The report showed gold in the carbon worth $1.46 per ton.

For readers who would like to travel to Reymert, go five miles beyond Florence Junction toward Superior, turn right into the desert over a cattleguard on a well-graded gravel road, remain on this road for seven miles until you arrive at the ruins of the old Johnson goat ranch, at the junction of another gravel road that sharply turns to the south. Continue ahead on the first road until you come to a jeep trail turning off to the left into a canyon. This jeep trail is one-eighth-of-a-mile beyond the remains of the goat ranch.

If you have a jeep, pickup, or four-wheeler stay in the trail up-canyon for two miles until you see the old rusty metal tank on the right. Park there and walk up the trail over a slight hill—and there are the Reymert ruins. They are marked now by rustic signs.

Please respect the new prospectors' mining claim markers; do not destroy them; otherwise "No Trespass" signs will soon keep us all out!

Lute and Granny Jackson

(Continued from page 33)

hundred sheep and started whooping and shooting. But it quickly became apparent that these poor cowboys knew nothing whatever about herding sheep in the dark while riding horseback. Another meeting would be necessary.

A good Christian gentleman named Grey became spokesman. Mr. Grey operated a saloon in Cornish and was the local doctor. He also would preach on Sundays. Since the boys had scattered sheep all up and down Long Branch just east of the little town, Grey suggested that they all go to the saloon and decide what to do about the serious plight of the woollies. After a few drinks the good Mr. Grey worked out a plan whereby he would be absolved of any blame as far as he and the Lord were concerned.

Grey suggested that since the sheep were scattered, they would be prey to wolves and coyotes; some might even get lost and starve to death. Therefore, the Reverend stated, it was the cowboys' Christian duty to kill the poor animals and prevent them from dying a more horrible death later.

The cowboys then went out and shot sheep all night, and when they ran out of bullets they used clubs to destroy the entire flock. The next day when the herder's dugout was found trampled into the ground by many horses' hoofs there was some speculation as to whether or not the Mexican had gotten out before the place had been destroyed. Lute Jackson and most of the cowboys involved were subpoenaed to appear in Judge Parker's court on September 10, 1886.

Some of the boys conveniently disappeared but Lute, Granny, Mr. Grey and several others attended court as ordered. The Judge did not seem to be as interested in the sheep-killing as he was in the disappearance of the Mexican herder, but since there was not enough evidence against anyone he couldn't hold them. After listening to Reverend Grey for over an hour the Judge was anxious to see the back end of those Territory people, so he ordered them to leave before sundown.

When Granny said she wanted to stay awhile longer and Lute asked her why, she told him she had met a nice young woman who was being held for questioning in a bank robbery that had happened near the Cookson Hills in Indian Territory.

Granny had visited most of that day with Belle Starr and had traded recipes with her. Mrs. Starr was fairly well educated and was known by her friends as a good cook. She gave Granny Jackson a candy recipe and in return Granny gave Belle her own sausage recipe. On their way home Granny kept telling Lute that this friendly young lady could not possibly be guilty of robbing a bank.

AMANDA (Granny) Jackson had been born near the village now called Plantersville, Mississippi in 1819. She married William A. Jackson in 1843.

Granny lived in a hard, primitive period and although she was diminutive in size she was a rugged and wise individual. She raised eight children and was never sick in her entire, somewhat hectic life.

In 1898 near Cornish, Indian Territory Granny died reclining in her old rocking chair, clutching the old corncob pipe that had been her companion for years.

Lucian B. Jackson lived a carefree cowboy's bachelor life until he was forty years old. He then married Louise Hargis, daughter of Captain Samuel Hargis (Confederate Army).

Lute met his bride-to-be in Callisberg, Texas and they were married in the early spring of 1898 in Ardmore, Indian Territory. The Jacksons lived on a large cattle and horse ranch for many years and raised a family of five boys and four girls; also several foster children. Lut was the first man to import a Thor oughbred horse into the Indian Territor from England in 1898.

Lute Jackson died with his boots on, s to speak. He was found in bed asleep like his mother never having been sick a day in his life. He was buried i Cornish in 1952 at the age of ninety-six He had served as vice president of th Cornish, Indian Territory bank for sev eral years and was a member of th Masonic Lodge for sixty-three years.

The Chennault Plane Crash

(Continued from page 27)

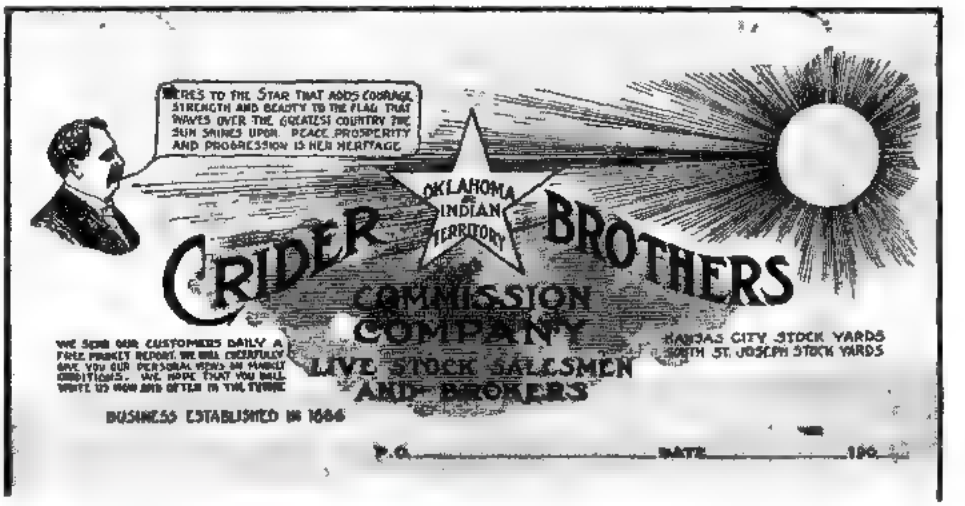
every rancher kept some hogs and chickens to furnish his own ham and bacon as well as eggs and meat. And even on a ranch there were many such as we who did milk cows and who had an abundance of cream and butter. These twelve men stayed three or four days and seemed to enjoy themselves very much.

"Like nearly every other cowman, I kept a pack of hounds primarily for protecting calves and colts from predators. There is nothing the lion likes better than the meat of the colt. Our friends from El Paso were always asking for stories of our experiences, and seemed envious of us. I recall that they were especially interested in our account of Old Bob, our one dog who was not a hound. He was a ring-necked, bob-tailed sheep dog, but a very good hunter.

"Old Bob was a ladies' man and his girl friend was a lobo. The dog originally belonged to a sheepherder who came to our camp. The Mexican spoke no English, and neither did the dog. At first I thought Old Bob was just dumb, but when I began talking to him in Spanish, I found that he was remarkably intelligent. I hadn't previously realized that he savvied only *Español*.

"Old Bob was funny. When his girl friend would howl seductively to him from a bluff near our camp he would make no response whatever. It was just as though he hadn't heard. But after everybody was asleep he would slip away and be gone for days. If we moved camp during

On the reverse side of the receipt received from the settlement with the U. S. Indian Department (see page 33) was this bill head from Crider Brothers Commission Company.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YOU MAY REGRET IT IF YOU OVERLOOK PAGE 4!

his absence, we'd wake some morning to find him with the saddles. He would seem happy to be back with us. Once after being gone two months he was so happy that it was pathetic.

"Old Bob was a Shepherd, and the first one I'd ever seen that was bobtailed. He had not lost his appendage, but had been born that way. So perhaps it was not strange that ring-necked, bobtailed pups showed up on the range.

"Our range was confined to a circle, and we camped at various places along it. Sometimes we'd see the tracks of three or four lobos, or occasionally five, with those of our dog. They, too, traveled the circle; they covered the country for hunting as all animals do.

"Was Old Bob's lady friend a coyote? No! They do not mate with dogs. She was a lobo. There were many of them in the western part of New Mexico at that time.

"ONCE while we were in a little line camp on our range, my wife decided, after everyone had left one morning, to take another nap. She knew we'd be gone until dark, and it was a good opportunity to get some much needed rest.

"Then she heard a dog panting as though it had run long and hard. When she opened the door, Old Bob entered. The next day, while riding a half-mile from camp, we saw some wild dogs. My little daughter took after one and chased him a long distance but he got away.

"Just before sundown I butchered a beef and that night wolves and wild dogs were howling all around the camp. They had come to feed on the offal. Our hounds took after the wolves, but one turned on our dogs and ran him into the tent and they had a fight on the foot of our bed.

"There was a professional hunter working for the government—and Jim was a very good one. He found a den of wolf pups, but there were just two there. He knew there were more and returned the next day, but the mother had moved those he had seen. She moved the whole litter three times before he finally caught up with them. He killed her and brought the five pups to the ranch. Three were badly crippled by dogs, but we saved two, one of which later died. The fifth grew to be a very large lobo. We kept him tied. If he got loose he would run away but we could always trail him by the chain he was dragging, and bring him back. Usually he would get it hung up on something and be unable to get it loose.

"Our soldier friends from Fort Bliss were always begging for stories about animals and seemed fascinated with them; they always went with us when we left the house. One morning when there was snow on the ground, we followed a lion's tracks through a small open pasture. We always carried guns, but would have preferred a kodak. We had one, but had not brought it.

"My sister wanted very much to photograph the animal. I loped back to the house for the kodak and to tell my wife we had the lion treed. She was making bread. She worked the light dough down and put on overalls while I saddled her horse. While doing this I said to our best lion dog who was old and feeble, 'Tom, we have a lion up a tree.' He had heard the rest bark 'treed' and knew as well as we did what had happened. The dog was so weak he could hardly follow, and he got there after the picture was taken. He didn't return to the house for several days and, shortly after, old Tom died.

"When we returned to the house, the bread had risen, overflowed the bowl, and most of it was on the floor. I still have the photograph we took of the lion.

"OUR guests were greatly amused over the problems encountered by the saloonkeepers in Mogollon in getting whiskey delivered intact. It was shipped in barrels, and the drivers hired to haul it up that steep winding road were slow in getting it there. By the time they did, much of it had evaporated. There was no telling how much of the contents of the barrels had been drunk enroute. Finally the dealers settled for Mexicans who drove four mules to light wagons. They usually got the cargo to the retailers with a much smaller shrinkage.

"When our four flyers started for the mesa where their planes were left, I took their duffel bags on a mule. Chennault and his junior pilot got into his plane, squeezed the pups in, and attempted a take-off. The mesa was narrow and for some reason the machine did not lift as expected but taxied into a ditch and turned over. We raced to it, expecting every second it might burst into flames, but it did not. Nor was anybody hurt, though the plane was demolished. Captain Bender and his passenger left, and returned the next day with another plane which provided room for the two who had been stranded.

"The wreckage was there for years before any publicity, so far as I knew, was given the accident. But those living in that area were aware of it, and parts had been carried away as souvenirs, or perhaps for use. It was not until a party of hunters from Silver City, hunting in the area 'discovered' the remains of the wrecked plane that it was publicized. Of course, every sheepherder in the country knew of it and had for years.

"Shortly thereafter under date of July 30, 1959, there appeared the following article in the Silver City *Press*. 'There is a mighty interesting souvenir lying somewhere in the bottom of the Gila Canyon in Southwestern New Mexico,' was the lead sentence in a feature article prepared last spring by the New Mexico Staff of the Associated Press.

"The article continued, saying that the souvenir was 'the rusted remains of an old Liberty airplane and that it came to rest there because the late Major General Claire Chennault—the legendary leader of the Flying Tigers of China fame—decided to land his light plane in the Gila National Forest Wilderness Area and try his luck trout fishing in the Middle Fork of the Gila River. The General's escapade took place back in the early 1920s, when Army pilots were flying the mail routes across the United States. Chennault, then a lieutenant and an avid trout fisherman, was flying a route that carried him over the vast

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Gila National Forest. "Flying the mail routes was pretty boring stuff," he reported, "and often the pilots would fly close to the ground to break the monotony." It presumably was his ground-hugging tactics that led him to know the roughness of the rugged terrain that comprises the Gila Wilderness Area, and after a great deal of study he found a site that would permit him to land his plane and still put him within walking distance of one of New Mexico's best trout streams.'

"Lieutenant Chennault never did fly a mail plane. After leaving the Army, Johnson and Pierce did fly commercial planes.

"The article reported that Chennault 'landed his airplane in the steep canyon bottom of the Gila River. However, evidence at the site indicates that he apparently brought his plane down on a mesa edge directly above the canyon bottom'."

ATTESTING that Chennault was a good judge of likely spots to bring down an airplane, the U. S. Forest Service in June 1956 elected to construct an auxiliary airport within a few hundred yards of where the rusting wreckage lies today.

Chennault reportedly related his account of the incident just before he was informed that he was to die of cancer.

"You never saw such fishing," he said. "Every cast would bring a strike." Chennault said he had fished a few hours and when he was loaded with fish he returned to his plane to take off. Reportedly he had not counted on a couple of factors. The air was fairly thin due to the altitude and he wasn't able to utilize a headwind. As a result, just as he was about to gain flying speed he ran out of runway. The landing gear caught on a large rock and the light plane flipped over on its back.

"There I was," Chennault said, "hanging upside down in the safety belt, with oil dripping in my face and a string of wet trout dangling alongside my head."

"I forget how I explained losing that plane," General Chennault said, "but as I recall it was something about losing oil pressure and having to put it down on the only flat spot."

After the many years that had passed, Chennault was not too certain of the exact spot where the crash took place. He remembered that it was near a mountain called Old Baldy on the maps, and that there weren't many spots in the area where a plane could land.

"The old engine must still be there," he mused. "I surely don't think anybody could have carried it out of that place."

The General's theory of the engine remaining in the remote area was correct. The hulk of the old ship remains in the exact spot where it crashed. A tree has grown through the fuselage—a stately juniper engulfed by the control wires that were used on the airplane. Most of the wood and cloth components of the ship have rotted away.

Much of its metal makeup is still in evidence, however, though small items such as cylinders, hinges and bolts have been carried away. Some of the remains

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were gathered by Sam Servis, Dr. C. C. Cobb, Fred Starnes, S. C. "Tootie" Warrick, and Charles Hicks and left to be viewed by other fishermen in the area who enjoy seeking the historic aspects of the vast Gila Wilderness Area.

Personal Papers of Wilbur Coe

(Continued from page 23)

tried to get the drop on them.

"I could tell you lots of little incidents like this, but I will keep your name and when I write something else, I will let you know.

"If you are ever up this way I would like to have you stop with us. My place is one of the old ones and easy to find.

"Many thanks again for words of encouragement, I am,

Yours very truly,
Frank B. Coe

P.S. I think there are several books about Billy the Kid but not by anyone that knew him."

ANOTHER story which points up a side of the Kid's nature that few have described was told to Bert Bonnell, son-in-law to Frank Coe and famed host of Bonnell's Ranch, at one time a stopping place half-way between El Paso and Roswell. This was related to Bert when he was just a boy living in White Oaks, New Mexico, by Abe Whiteman, a storekeeper. Abe wanted the story known because he felt a lot of people had said some harsh things about the Kid. This incident he swore he had never told anyone else, was to prove the Kid had another side other than that of a ruthless gunman. Abe knew him to be generous and loyal, one who never bragged about anything he did for a friend.

Supplies for Abe's general mercantile store had to be freighted at regular intervals by oxen team from Las Vegas, New Mexico, the end of the railroad line. On these trips Abe usually carried a pay load of gold bullion from the famous Old Abe Mine, of which George Ulerich was a part owner. Abe gave little thought to his valuable cargo, nor did anyone else he knew of pay much attention to it. Placing it in an old box that looked like a chuck-box, he would shove it under the wagon seat and start on his long journey.

One day as he was getting ready to make a trip, Billy the Kid came into his store. This was not unusual as the Kid sometimes rode into town for supplies and Abe let him take from his shelves whatever he needed. In those days no one had much money, so Abe, knowing the Kid spent most of his money for bullets, let him have what he wanted gratis. What surprised Abe about this visit was the fact that Billy asked if he was about ready to make a trip to Las Vegas and would he be carrying dust from the Old Abe.

Abe told him he expected to leave the following day and thought no more about it. His route lay over the Raton Pass and to his surprise, just before he started over, Billy and three or four of his gang appeared alongside the wagon. Riding up close to the driver's seat, Billy began talking in his usual friendly way and wanted to know if Abe would mind if they rode with him to Las Vegas. Glad to have company, Abe told them to come along as he had plenty of grub and the road was lonesome.

A few miles before Abe reached his destination, Billy pulled his horse up closer and said he reckoned he had better turn off as it would not be very healthy for him to go near the town. Then he advised Abe to go into Las Vegas and get rid of his load as soon as he could because some new outlaw and his gang which recently came into the territory had tried to get the Kid to go in with them and waylay Abe and his shipment of gold. The outlaws were supposed to meet the Kid just over the pass, and to make sure Abe was not attacked Billy and his pals rode with him. However, the outlaws never showed up so Abe drove into town and disposed of the gold as soon as he could. Then, after resting his teams, he began the return trip to White Oaks.

Abe said he never saw Billy the Kid again and that, although he must have hauled out a couple of million dollars worth of ore for the Old Abe Mining Company, he was never bothered on the trail.

He liked to tell about how the Old Abe discovery came about. One day a cowboy who was eating some noontime chuck spotted a strange fissure. After the crevice was investigated, it was found to be 2,000 feet straight down. This contained the main lode. Other veins branched off in crevices like the limbs of a tree. After approximately two million in gold was taken out, a fire broke out in the main shaft, started by a candle mistakenly left in it. The thirty-six miners who were trapped were later found face down on the floor, the last place they could find air. The fire caused such a cave-in that the mine never reopened because of the cost. According to Abe's account it was the richest find in the country and was extraordinary in the sense that water was never struck. It is believed by many, including Abe, that great wealth still lay entombed in the Old Abe.

AS things turned out for me, though, many of the voters who clung to the old prejudice of the Lincoln County War during my early campaigns and would not support me, later were convinced I was efficient and dedicated to their interests in Santa Fe. I welcomed their votes. Thus through my contact with the people of Lincoln County and my work in the Senate, I have been able to overcome much of the old bias that has plagued the Coes.

The Picher District

(Continued from page 25)

was ignored. In order to learn the mineral values it would be necessary to drill another hole alongside the first, and carefully save and observe the cuttings from measured depths. Robinson suggested that they take Coleman's drill rig and do this.

These men were quite able to make a living and some more, but they had very little money. Between them they could

ot safely finance this risky project. Coleman's brother Al agreed to join hem, but his resources were about like heirs and, even with three in, they were till short.

These men had a good friend who was considered wealthy (his cash resource vas $4,000), C. M. (Charley) Harvey, Sr. of the Harvey Buggy and Implement Company. Charley Harvey agreed to put n one-fourth of the expense money. The four were then equal partners.

Whatever arrangements necessary with he land owner were made, and the project was underway.

AT that time there were no towns between Miami and the Kansas line. Commerce, Picher, Cardin, Treece and all the familiar mining towns did not then exist—only prairie.

The four partners took the rig to a point just west of present Commerce. The pinpoint location is not important, but it was 300 or 400 feet west of the present railroad and about 200 feet south of the east-west line of present Main Street in Commerce.

The hole was started offset to the Waddel hole. In a few days the depth was reached where the ore should be. Bill Waddel was at the rig when the ore was reached. The sand gun was run down to retrieve the cuttings which were dumped in the sludge tub, and out poured rich ore. Waddel was very pleased and said, "There it is; just like I said."

It was a very rich and flashy sulphide ore—but unfortunately it was sulphide of iron—iron pyrite—mundic and quite worthless. There was no zinc or lead and the disappointment would have stopped most people.

At this point Jim Robinson called on his scant knowledge of formations and mineral recalled from his Joplin experience. This was indeed little to go on. He did remember that it was said that with a heavy deposit of mundic in this type of rock formation, a rich body of zinc might be close by. Prospector's fever no doubt influenced their decision. They decided to move south a way and try again. This area is shale and soapstone country and drilling is rather fast and less expensive. There was still some money in the pot.

The second hole was like the first—nothing but iron pyrite-mundic. Again the theory of zinc's being close by was followed and the third hole started. This hole was in solid limestone, and taxed their courage as well as the small money pot.

Again Robinson recalled having heard that, with heavy mundic on one side of a lime bar, sometimes rich zinc would be found on the other side. On the strength of this theory they moved south again and drilled their fourth hole. Again there was only limestone. This was certainly enough to dampen further effort but the prospecting fever is not easily reduced.

The partners estimated that their remaining supplies and money would not finish another hole, but, feeling that they might "as well be broke as so bad bent," they decided to move south once more and start a hole. When the remaining supplies were gone (the money was already gone), they would stop where they were and abandon the project.

The fifth attempt was fast and easy, their supplies making lots of hole; they had missed the lime bar. Soon they struck an extremely rich body of zinc ore.

After samples were taken, the partners shoveled every shine of zinc back down the hole and left no sign of their discovery. They put the derrick down on the rig and appeared to have abandoned the whole operation. They were even careful to go around town and ridicule themselves for being so foolish as to hunt a mine on the prairie when everybody knew mines were found only in the hills.

The men then quietly went around the area leasing all the land they could where they guessed the ore might extend. In most instances they were successful. They were indeed lucky in blindly having leased much land where rich ore bodies proved later to be.

THE first discovery was on a ten-acre mine lot lease that came to be the Turkeyfat Mine, but it was a long, hard pull from that fifth lucky discovery hole to a successful operation. There was an ocean of water to beat down, a shaft to be sunk, and derrick, mill and underground to be equipped—all this to be done, and the money pot was empty.

The four men, by reason of being honorable, industrious and sound in judgment, did manage to put the Turkeyfat into operation, and went on to form the largest zinc ore producing company in the world, the Commerce Mining and Royalty Company. During the several years of the Turkeyfat's life over $1,000,000 of ore was produced.

From this first discovery hole on the prairie the great Picher District developed, one of the greatest mining districts in history.

Bill Waddel who, by mistaking iron sulphide for sphalerite, set this tremendous development in motion, ran the first engines and compressors for the Commerce Company. Half a century later when the company was sold, Bill was still in charge of their huge central compressor plant.

Editor's note: There will be another story of unusual interest on this area in the December '74 issue of this magazine.

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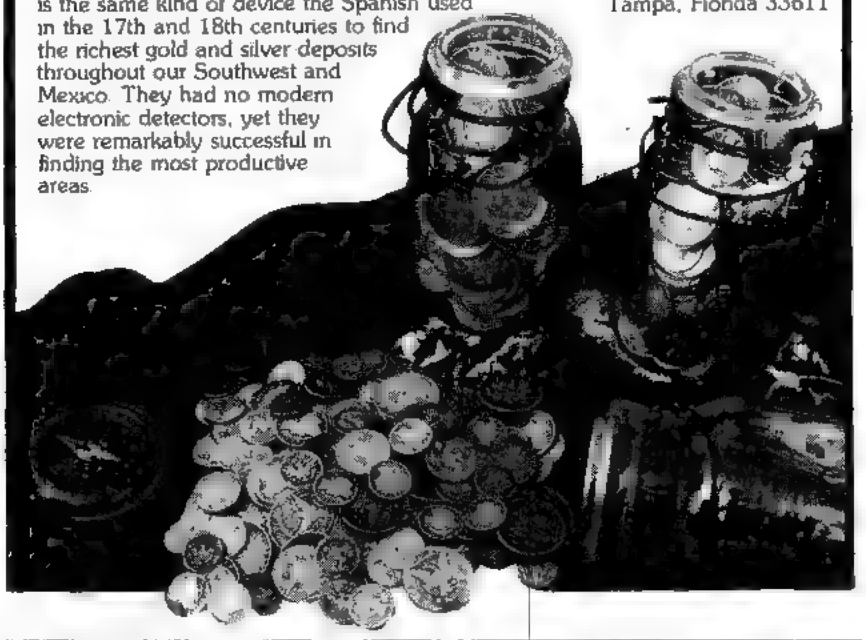

Big Bend Roundup

(Continued from page 37)

The boys used up their little dab of coffee and bacon the first morning. It seemed like those Yaqui Indians loved coffee. They were a pretty grim group of men. There were no smiles or banter around camp; in fact, they were a listless bunch of cowboys.

After customs had been cleared and the cattle turned over, Jim called John

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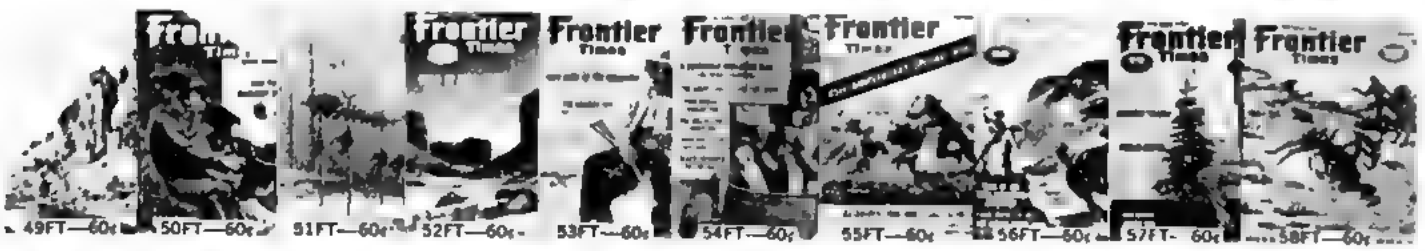

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off to one side and pointed out a mountain peak away off to the northeast and told him to keep the cattle headed toward that peak. Jim said he was going to take a packhorse and go get some coffee and something to eat. He said that fifteen or twenty miles toward that mountain peak John would find some windmills pumping plenty of water and to water the herd and make camp and wait there for him.

The windmills were reached by late afternoon and Jim was already waiting. They watered the cattle and, as there was pretty good grass around, the cattle started grazing and were not any trouble at all.

Jim had quite a caucus with who seemed to be the head Indian and then he rode out among the cattle and drove a fat barren cow about four years old out a way from the herd. One of those Indians roped her by the horns and another one roped her hind feet and they stretched her out on the ground real nice. Another Indian rode up and got off his mule and pulled a butcher knife out of his clothes from somewhere and cut that cow's throat before you could tell about it, and they started skinning that beef in a hurry.

John said it seemed that you could just see those men change. Some of them began to gather up wood and build a fire. They cut some green mesquite limbs and fashioned a rack and had those beef ribs hanging up cooking before the rest were through dressing out the beef.

Jim Wilson had brought in the coffee, flour, salt, pepper and a carton of Bull Durham tobacco. The Indians made up a dough out of the flour and water and salt which, when stuck on a green mesquite limb and held over the live coals of a campfire to bake, makes pretty good bread. The ribs hadn't been roasting very long before the Indians began cutting off chunks with their knives and eating it, and, as it was then about sundown and John hadn't had anything to eat since breakfast and not very much then, he started in on it too. Years later John said when he got hungry and thought of food, he would always remember those beef ribs he ate down in the Big Bend country.

FROM then on the Yaqui cowboys were like a new bunch of men. After filling up on beef and bread and coffee and smoking a few Bull Durham cigarettes, they became jolly and began to banter one another, and after a while some of them got to singing and it was a much more pleasant situation to be around. The next morning the Indians packed the rest of the beef on a couple of pack mules, and they had plenty of good beef left for the rest of the trip.

When they got to the ranch where the cattle were to be delivered, it was part of the deal that the cattle were to be branded with the Jackson and Harmon brand. There were no pens so they worked the cattle the Mexican way, roping and throwing every animal out in the open and branding it.

They were all grown cattle, and there were between seventy-five and one hundred bulls—all black, shaggy-headed and looking like the pictures you see of bulls

selected for the Spanish bull rings. After dragging up plenty of wood for the branding fires by the horns of their saddles, they started branding those cattle, and John said he saw some of the best roping performed he had ever seen anywhere. The ones who did the roping were all mounted on mules, and those mules were as well-trained as any roping horse could ever be.

One man would rope a cow by the horns and they would haze her out near a branding fire, and another would catch both hind feet. It seemed they wouldn't throw her hard but would just lay her down, and a man with a branding iron would brand her. They would take the rope off her horns and everyone would get in the clear; then the man who had her hind feet would give her slack and she would get up and go on in with the herd that had been branded.

John said he kept wondering what was going to happen when they tried to brand one of those big bulls. After they had branded about a hundred cows, they ran one of those bulls out and two men roped his horns, one on each side, and when they got him near the branding fire, the heeler caught his hind feet. They stretched him out with all ease. John noticed they were not crippling any cattle and when he commented on that to Jim Wilson, Jim said yes, they were doing a good job after eating plenty of good beef and drinking good coffee for a few days. Jim said if the Yaquis had branded those cattle down at the river while they were in a bad mood they would have handled them rough and there would have been a lot of broken legs and permanently crippled cattle.

"So you see," he said, "that cow we butchered the other day was a good investment."

After the cattle were all branded and delivery was complete, the Indians gathered up their mules and headed back south to Mexico. They were all in a jovial humor—a lot different from when they were eating pore doe and javelina hogs.

In later years I heard John say that he could think of a lot worse places to be than down in the Big Bend in a cow camp with plenty of good beef to eat and good coffee to drink and a band of half wild Yaqui Indian cowboys singing their peculiar songs until sometimes it seemed their voices would climb right on up to the stars.

When Yankee Robinson Came to Town

(Continued from page 40)

to, but Tusko was actually kept chained by all four feet.

And there was Pitt, an elephant with Cole Brothers, killed by lightning at Dillon, Montana at the age of 102 on August 6, 1943.

How can anyone forget the beautiful wagons that took part in the street parades? As early as 1892 the Chime or Bell Wagon was employed. The bells were cast in Milwaukee and the wagon was made by Moeller Brothers at Baraboo, Wisconsin. The bells were played by levers from the rear seat and formed an octave.

The "Two Hemispheres" wagon was last used in 1907 by Barnum and Bailey. It was acquired by the Circus Fans Association and kept at the Iowa State Fairgrounds until purchased by Dr. B. J. Palmer and added to his collection of curios at Davenport, Iowa. Too, there was always a wagon loaded with "Joeys," as clowns were called. In 1909 Norris and Rowe added a novelty to their parade—a camel drawing a wagon.

Every circus had either a wrestling match or a Wild West Show which could be seen after the main performance for an extra coin. There was the stagecoach robbery. Indians joined with outlaw cowboys in firing wildly as the swaying coach tore around the enclosure drawn by six galloping horses.

For a time Wayne Barlow of Clear Lake, Iowa, exhibited the reportedly mummified remains of Frank Curtis, the last of the Dalton gang of Oklahoma. The story was that Curtis had held up a train between Bartlesville, Oklahoma and Coffeyville, Kansas in October 1911. When he was surrounded he took refuge in a barn and drank a vial of arsenic (which preserved his corpse). The unusual thing about this special exhibit was that one paid not upon entering, but when leaving—and only then if satisfied it was "the real thing." I saw the exhibit a dozen times, but never paid, feeling it was inferior to another attraction I had seen with a carnival—the skeleton of Jesse James when he was a little boy!

BY 1936 there were but three major circuses showing under the canvas and one of those—Hagenbeck's—was in Europe. Only Ringling Brothers and the Al G. Barnes show remained in the United States.

More than a score of cooks were necessary and hot coffee was ready ten minutes after the first wagon rolled onto the lot. A staff physician traveled with the show. Advance orders for more than a ton of meat, almost a thousand pounds of vegetables, and half a ton of hay had been sent ahead.

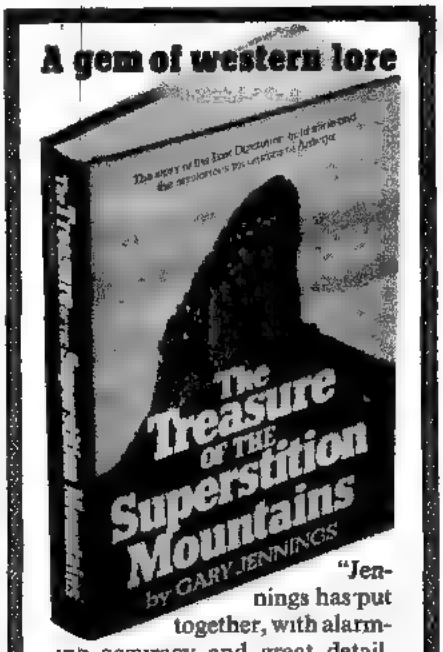
In the cook tent, performers ate apart from the roustabouts. Whatever seat one took at the beginning of the season he or she was to occupy until the return to winter quarters. Two-score waiters served the tables. So many different nationalities were represented that dozens of different condiments were provided to please the palates of all.

The Barnes show had Mabel Stark, the wild animal trainer. As a performer—the elite of the circus city—she had a private dressing room on wheels. It was beautifully decorated in bright flowered chintz.

All unmarried girls were chaperoned by Mrs. Mel Smith, formerly Mamie Ward of the Flying Wards. She had never missed a performance except for the three weeks just before each of her children was born.

There were sixteen members of the Christiani family, bareback riders. The patriarch was sixty-two in 1936, but did two back flips daily and trained all the children, including his youngest grandson, who was but three months old.

A complete blacksmith shop traveled with the circus. The head smithy with



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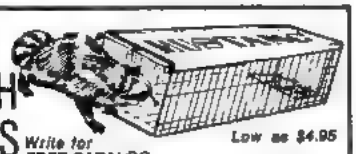
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the Barnes Show had been "with it" for twenty-seven years. Tractors would have been less costly than horses, but horses were an attraction. Barnes boasted 200 of them of which one twenty-two-year-old called Kirby Dare, was valued at $20,000.

Thoroughbred dogs were not used, as long experience had taught the clowns that dogs of mixed breed were smarter and better troupers.

The traveling circus showing under canvas has mostly gone. The Shrine Circus and the acts we see on television are our main connection with the past. The circus tent has gone with the gold toothpick and bustle. The mysterious, the exotic and certainly the street parades and wagons with gaudy designs in gold leaf are no more. Gone is the kaleidoscopic magnet that drew thousands to witness the funny, the wild, and the unique. Gee whiz. . . .

A Hunch About That Yellow Stuff

(Continued from page 19)

named it "carnotite" in honor of M. Adolphe Carnot, an eminent scientist, Inspector General of Mines, and a brother of the President of France. McKee was disappointed as he thought it should have been named "Montroseite" because of its Colorado origin.

After receiving Poulot's report, McKee took about ten or fifteen pounds of the ore home with him to Montrose, still hoping to find some assayer who could help him identify it in more detail. Six pounds of the substance were placed in a glass jar, which McKee set on an upper shelf of his photographic dark-room. Some time later he placed a box of photographic plates on the shelf for convenience and, since space was limited, set the jar of ore on top of the plates. Then he stuck a spatula or palette knife between the box and the jar to have it handy.

When McKee developed plates, after he had used them to make a picture of a "sitter," he discovered that they were opaque with only the impression of what he thought was a thumb or forefinger. It didn't occur to him that the impression was a picture of the spatula! At first McKee believed that the box of plates had been opened by someone, but his wife and sons insisted they had not touched the box.

Then a similar thing happened with a second box of plates. Before he used a third box of plates, however, he inadvertently set the jar of uranium on the floor and thus removed the cause of his trouble without realizing what had happened.

WHEN news spread of the professor's report to Poulot that the ore was a form of uranium, prospectors searched for and found many deposits of the puzzling lemon-colored substance in the sandstone of the Paradox area. They staked many claims but could find no market for the ore. The only demand for uranium at that time was for small amounts for photography, china painting, and the hardening of steel; also some was shipped abroad to chemical laboratories. Most prospectors became discouraged and let their assessment work lapse, and their claims reverted to the government.

By 1898 Monsieur and Madame Curie, French scientists, were importing carnotite ore from the Western Slope and pitchblende from Gilpin County, Colorado for their experiments, but the general demand for the Paradox ore was comparatively small.

In 1900, after learning that the Curies had recognized that carnotite ore contained radium, McKee and "Uncle" A. E. Buddecke located claims not far from the original Dullan Mine on Roc Creek. They sacked and hauled several one-hundred pound sacks of "fine grade" ore to Montrose.

They could find no buyers. In fact, they could not give the stuff away. McKee sent samples of the various kinds of uranium found in Montrose County, together with a black deposit (possibly pitchblende), for exhibit in the Colorado Bureau of Mines in Denver. He asked that in return a report be sent him relative to the samples. This was never done.

On April 11, 1901 the Denver *News* published an article in which it was claimed that the Curies had sent three small pellets of radium in barium salts to Secretary S. P. Langley of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D. C.

It was reported, said the *News*, that the pellets obtained from carnotite ore had a peculiar quality of giving off light.

At the behest of Thomas H. McKee, the editor of the Montrose *Enterprise* wrote Professor Langley and asked for a statement for his newspaper relative to the carnotite ore.

Langley replied, in part: "I beg to say that some of the newspaper statements which have been published about this subject are very much exaggerated. Radium, while interesting, by no means emits light to any comparable degree with sunlight, or even candlelight. The light is indeed more nearly of the intensity of that given by a firefly."

A firefly, indeed! McKee differed with Langley's statement as he still felt that the ore must have considerable light-power. He proceded to do some experimenting. With the use of a lard bucket and two larger buckets lined with dark paper, an unexposed photographic plate, and a piece of carnotite ore suspended in one of the buckets, McKee produced, after a twenty-four hour exposure, a good photograph of a leaf and a Chinese coin which he had used in the experiment.

To his own satisfaction he demonstrated the radiant quality of the carnotite ore. Nevertheless, when the market continued practically nil, McKee turned his attention almost entirely to his photographic work.

In 1906 the Uintah Railroad offered McKee a position with a good salary at Dragon, Utah, and he accepted. Some time later, when two experts from the United States Bureau of Mines contacted McKee at Dragon and offered him a position with the Bureau because of his past experience with carnotite, he refused the offer and remained with the railway.

Years afterward, when McKee had returned to Montrose to spend his remaining years, the photographer said: "My great mistake was in not following up the mystery of the palette knife exposure in 1895. That I had passed up a big discovery never occurred to me until the news of Madame Curie's discovery and stories of other discoveries of the radiant activity of the ore were publicized in 1904, nearly eight years after I had brought the first lot of ore from Roc Creek."

Thomas H. McKee died on December 10, 1930. What would have been his thoughts had he lived to know that material for the atomic bomb which Jimmy Doolittle carried westward on his mission on August 1945 had come from the bug holes on the mesas of the Paradox Valley?

"10,000 Shall Die!"

(Continued from page 4)

The Postal Reorganization Act of 1970 is this generation's equivalent of the pre-Revolutionary War's Sugar and Stamp Acts. "A heavy blow" is how the usually optimistic *Reader's Digest* magazine referred to the postal act in its January 1974 issue. "It makes our future—and that of many other magazines—uncertain."

Even a giant like *Reader's Digest*? This is unofficial but there is a statement to the effect that their postage rates will go up from around $7,000,000 per year to $16,000,000 in two years and up to $40,000,000 by the time the "plan" ends. And you can be mighty sure that another plan will begin when it ends.

"Postage rates will be at least 242% higher by 1976 than they were in 1971." And this cost will have to be passed on to the public unless a publishing company flat locks its doors and calls it quits.

One authority is quoted as saying, "Magazines of the future will be for the elite only—$1.00, $2.00, and even $3.00 per copy. . . ." That cuts out a lot of people who would like to read stuff like we put out and that of thousands of other publications. (I'll agree that there is a lot of trash in the mails but there has never been anything to my knowledge that was *all* good.)

This man E. T. Klassen, Postmaster General, must be some dictator! Reporters, senators, and everyone else who has had direct contact with him says that he is bound and be damned to make the postal service a going and paying concern. If he does, it is the only part of our United States Government (semi-independent now) that has ever made a *profit!* But Mr. Klassen's general attitude seems to be "to heck with the people—I'll do what I durn please." If we and our representatives are going to let that type thing go on in this country, we have a dictatorship in more places than one. Hitler will go down in history as a mild benevolent character and the Russian dictators will be put under the historical classification of something like "spoiled boys can be mischievous."

You see, what is sad about the whole thing, is that the American people do not have to put up with any of this stuff. We dearly love to gripe and that's about as far as it goes. I have been active and many of our readers have been active and if all of us will get up off our lazy hunkuses and write, write, write—maybe send telegrams or make phone calls if the budget allows—and then when that friendly politician comes by to shake your hand, give him a few words in return—things will change.

Folks, we are really in for it! "American tradition," wrote historian Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., "has been what our founding forefathers meant it to be—to transmit *second class* mail at a lower rate because the circulation of newspapers and magazines has been deemed essential to the enlightenment of the Republic and to the strengthening of American democracy." Can't you see old Benjamin Franklin scratching his head now, if he saw what was happening to his dreams of free enterprise and a subsidized postal department which could bring "enlightening articles and information to the American public."

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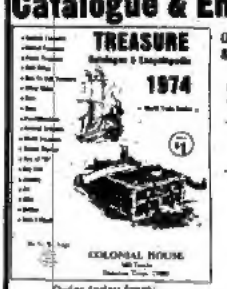

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other branches of government would pay their own way.

EVERY business in the country depends on the movement of the mail. Every *person* in this country depends on the movement of the mail and we're dealing with a monopoly. I can't walk to your house and deliver your magazine. You can't walk across two states to the home office of an insurance company when your premium is due—not even if the rate goes to $5.00 a stamp. You'd just have to pay the five bucks or throw in the sponge. A weekly business letter I subscribe to states: "Good idea to keep tabs on your mail service [delivery] over the next year if it's a factor in your business. Postal Service continues in a bind. May try to trim service now and then, and if so, you may want to squawk. Higher postal rates are in the cards . . . possibly from 10¢ to 12¢ for first class, drop the airmail stamp, send all letters first class. Maybe in 1976, maybe before. And other rates up too . . . 20% the average. New wage contracts coming make this sure . . . middle of next year. A big jump in pay is likely. Congress may absorb some part of the rise but not enough to limit rates . . . or stop service cuts, such as Saturday mail."

As of now, it reportedly would take about a $40,000,000 subsidy a year to get the post office out of the red. Cripes, the government accidentally *loses* that much money in transferring certain political funds from one pocket to another (or other pockets to several) or in lending arms to a weak country so it can grow up to be strong and shoot the hell out of its neighbor! This is about what the rice farmers receive as a subsidy each year. Rice is great and the rice farmers certainly have their cause, but is it a greater cause than an efficient mail service to the whole nation at a reasonable rate?

If we had those old trails intact, we could sure get that Pony Express started again! Recently it took twenty-eight days to get a first-class parcel from our office to New York City and that delay cost us several thousand dollars. And I don't especially blame the postal employes between here and there—especially the old-timers who are as sick as we are about the degeneration of what was once a first-class operation. You can't keep cutting personnel, cutting services, and letting the railroad system die mile by mile, and still get the job done. We receive *thousands* of gripes per year relative to not receiving magazines ordered by our subscribers after three to six weeks have gone by. Don't worry about us not filling your order—we've got a lot of magazines (a whole lot more than we've got money!)—but what happens after we put them in the mail is out of our hands. We have had an irate letter come in, for instance, asking for an order to be filled or the matter would be referred to postal authorities (brother!) and then about the time we'd get ready to send out the second mailing, here would come a nice letter saying "Stop! Stop! Stop! It came!" That would be something like five weeks after we had mailed the parcel that was to travel about 1,200 miles.

The only remedy lies with Congress. Currently before that body is a bill that would spread out postal increases over a ten-year period. "Currently" means as I write this just before I go into the hospital for some eye surgery. I'd better not get into that because I still have readers asking me about my bursitis in that old right shoulder. It came out okay—they "broke" my arm and ground the stuff all up and I can do everything but pick apples—just can't get that old arm clean full mast up! Anyhow, this bill would spread out postal increases over a ten-year period (as the magazine industry has urged) and that would reduce by a third the proposed increases on the first 150,000 copies of a magazine's circulation. As the New York *Times* observed in a recent editorial, "This bill would at least relieve the immediate pressure on all periodicals and . . . would rescue hundreds of valuable sources of education and healthy controversy from certain extinction."

The extent of public concern over the effect of rising postal rates on periodicals is such that the bill's two sponsors are Senator Edward M. Kennedy and Senator Barry Goldwater, who rarely see eye to eye on anything. This bill will be passed or killed by the time you read this perhaps, but there will be other bills. The names and addresses of your senators and representatives can be obtained from any government employee—your mayor, county agent, county courthouse, fire and police departments; your radio station or your newspaper. If you have any difficulty, let us know and we'll get the information for you! They'll never know how you feel if you don't tell them.

OH well, I'll just go on and have that cataract removed and be back with you real soon. Dadgum, there were a couple of things I didn't want ar doctor whittling on in my lifetime ar one of those things was my eyes. always thought cataracts formed on o people—no smart comments, please! M doctor tells me that he has performe operations lately on people in their 20 30s, 40s, etc. Do you suppose we're wea ing out our eyes looking over our shou ders to see what's gaining on us?

By golly, when I can see good again I'll pick up the old dented shield an plow-share sword and give 'em hec again. The only way we can make i today is to take up for ourselves an fight right on down the line. I'll neve forget what an old-timer told me on hot day in August when I asked him th secret of his longevity.

"Well, son," he replied, meditating "we just pegged on down the road an when trouble showed its ugly face, w tied into it like a biting sow, didn't worr about yesterday, didn't worry about to morrow, just took care of what wa going on *today*."

That old man has been a source of inspiration to me ever since. He was eighty-four years old at the time and was making a bus trip from Los Angeles to his daughter's home in Miami, Florida. He was dressed in his winter clothing, long-handles showing under his sleeves, and he had on a wool suit—I'm not kidding! I was sweating like the dickens in a pair of shorts, sitting out under the shade trees in the breeze, and he was calm and collected, no sweat—though he wiped constantly at an eye that was running. When I asked what had happened to it he told me that, twenty years before, he had stuck a tree into it while brush-poppin' in the brasada. Doctor? "Never will go to no dad-burned doctor," he said. "All they want is your money!"

See you later if I can afford the postage. —Hosstail

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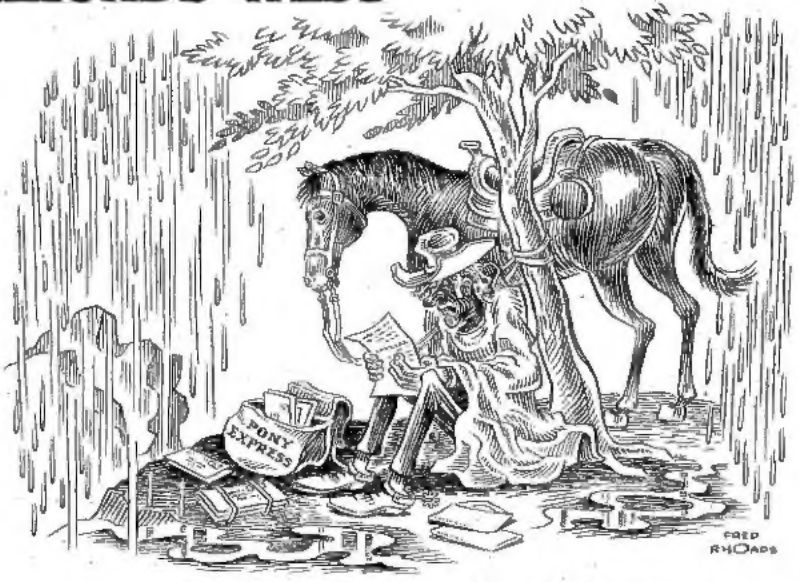

"This looks like a good one . . . dang! I wish I could read!"

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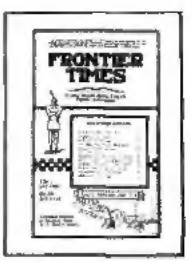

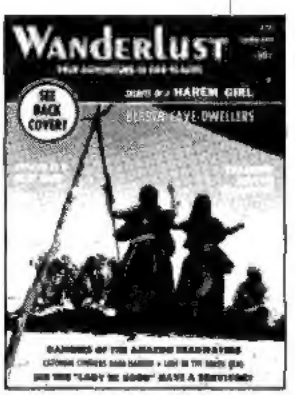

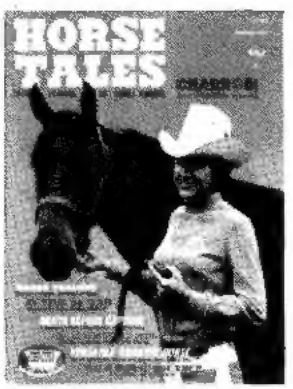

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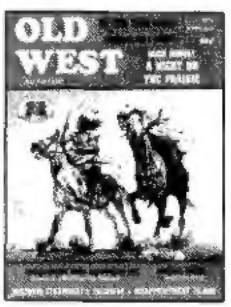

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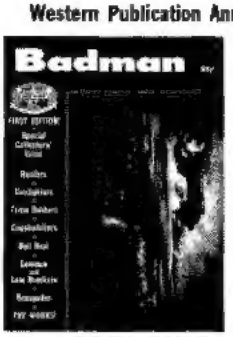

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WANTED

The traveling businessman's 10 most wanted list.

We've asked hundreds of businessmen what they want most when they travel. Here are their answers:

1

Cleanliness. Nothing is more important to businessmen or Holiday Inn than cleanliness. So our Inspection System (see #9) is designed to keep our reputation spotless.

2

Comfort. Each Holiday Inn room is designed for modern, efficient living. Plush carpeting. Comfortable furniture. Oversized beds. A tv. Good lighting for late-night work sessions.

3

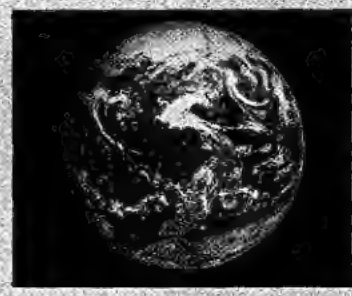
Service. Our Holiday Inn employees will serve you promptly and efficiently. And our 24-hour switchboard is always there when you need it.

4

Good Restaurants. Early breakfast to late-night snack you'll find reasonably priced, appetizing food 16 continuous hours a day.

5

Reasonable Rates. And published in advance so you can plan your travel costs. And in the U.S. we accept Gulf travel card, American Express, Master Charge and BankAmericard.



6

Location. In every U.S. major city we give you a choice of many Inns. And we're along roadsides, at all major airports and in over 200 resort and international locations.

7

Friendly Employees. Businessmen appreciate our friendly, helpful employees who go out of their way to be accommodating.

8

Parking. All Holiday Inns have free parking on the premises for registered guests.

9

Consistent Standards. Every 90 days an Inspector checks each Holiday Inn (174 items in all) to insure consistent, high standards.

10

Reservations. Simple. To make a free reservation at any Holiday Inn, call your local Inn, or the toll-free reservations number in the phone book.

Only Holiday Inn can offer you this in over 1500 worldwide locations, which gives us a #1 rating from the traveling businessman.

Holiday Inn. The most accommodating people in the world.

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